THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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A PRIMITIVE CATHOLIC PEOPLE.

A Visit to the Happy Homes of These Descendants of the Early Spanish Settlers.

Away Up Amid the Rocky Mountain Passes —Their Unswerving Fidelity to Faith.

BY THE HON. A. L. MORRISON.

[*For The Citizen.*]

Away up amid the passes of the Rocky Mountains may yet be found many humble but happy homes of the descendants of the early Spanish settlers. Their wants are few and easily supplied. A little nook in some warm valley on the banks of a stream which brings fertility and life in its sparkling waters is all that is necessary to furnish the means of subsistence. Such villages are found in the most unexpected places. After a ride over an arid sun-burnt Mesa (table land) absolutely destitute of water or of any but the very coarsest vegetation, one arrives at the opening of a great canon, whose bare walls of solid rock tower up to the height of 1,000 feet or more. In penetrating such a wonderful cleft in the earth one has often to dismount and lead his horse along almost impassable defiles, and sometimes must leave the animal behind and trust to hands and feet. Suddenly the walls disappear, the canon widens out and you find yourself approaching a small space of verdure, which has a very inviting look, after the long weary ride. This is a veritable oasis in the desert; green, cool and lovely as imagination could paint it. Trees now appear, beneath whose umbrageous boughs little flat-roofed adobe huts, eight or ten feet high, are discovered, and soon you are in the midst of fields of corn, alfalfa, frijoles (beans) and wheat. The secret of all this fertility is a crystal stream which gushes from the earth, and is as valuable to these poor people as was that other stream (to the children of Israel) which burst from the rock in the desert at the touch of the rod of Moses. There in the midst of the awful sublimities of nature (rugged as their native mountains, but gentle as their emerald vales), far away from the prying gaze of the gaping tourist, these simple people live as their fathers lived, cultivating their farms, herding their sheep, or hunting the bear or deer among the splintered pinnacles of the Sierras, which shut them in on every side from the busy world, which seems as distant as the brilliant constellations of the starry heavens. With that world neither they nor their ancestors had the least intercourse.

The noisy turmoil of the French revolution which shook all the thrones of Europe never penetrated their secluded solitudes, the vibrations of the startled world which rocked and reeled beneath the cadenced tramp of Napoleon's legions, never disturbed their repose. And when at the blow of the freeman's sword, "a giant nation started from the waters of the far Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled colony sprang into the attitude of a proud republic—prosperous, limitless, and invincible," the mighty movement reached not their quiet homes. The sudden changes of government from Spanish to Mexican had but a passing interest for them, and the signing of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which transferred their allegiance from Mexico to the United States, is to this day a sealed book to many of them. And yet their life has not been one of undisturbed repose, very far from it indeed. They have a stirring history of their own all unknown to us. Every rock, and stream and lonely glen are witnesses of that history; it is written in the blood, and wounds and death of themselves and their ancestors in defending their wives and little ones from the incessant raids of the prowling Ute, the cruel Navajo and the dreaded Apache. But it must not be supposed that their days are entirely joyless. On the great solemn festivals of the church, like Easter, Christmas or Lady Day, they have their fiestas or merry-makings. And when at stated intervals the good Padre makes his welcome visit, horses are saddled, music is brought, and away they ride to meet and escort the priest of God in joyous procession to the church where smoking censor and blazing altar awaits his coming.

Days are then devoted to confessions, communions, weddings, baptisms and the long expected and ardently desired sacrifice of the holy mass. In the pleasant summer evenings, when the day's labor is done, the tinkling of the guitar and the strains of the violin invite Juan and Juanita to trip through the mazes of the Mexican quadrille or the Spanish waltz just as their kinfolk do in Chihuahua or Madrid. But during the long winter nights when the snow comes down in blinding sheets, the wind wails mournfully through the naked branches of the spectral trees, the doors are securely barred against the pinching cold, the great hearthstone glows with jolly flame, and young and old gather round the grateful heat, many a legend or tradition is told of the brave old chivalric days when their steel-clad sires met the infidel Moors in bloody fray amid the mountain passes of Castile or Aragon. Cheeks are often moistened with sympathetic tears when some ancient ballad tells how

"From the last and fatal battle,
When the Moor had won the day,
Fled the hosts of Don Rodrigo
Scattered round in wild dismay;"

and how the terrible Tarie, with loosened rein, and bloody spur, and gleaming scimitar, hewed his way from the vineyards and olive groves of sunny Andalusia to the stormy waves of the Bay of Biscay, scattering the last defenders of the Gothic kings, and planting the crescent banner of the false prophet over every town and tower of prostrate Spain. At other times the fierce black eyes glow with martial fire, when a gray-haired grand-sire tells of the first uprising after the conquest, under the guidance of the intrepid monks, an unconquered band assembled in the chapel cave of the Santa Maria to kindle once again the flame of liberty. Patiently, prayerfully and hopefully they waited the day of hope and battle, which quickly came. A body of Moors, hearing of the daring rising, hastily ascend the mountain to stamp it out in blood. Far above their heads the hills are ringing with the Spanish war-cry, Santiago Matamoras (St. James the Moor-killer), and as the first turbaned heads appear from the cave's mouth issue the bold insurgents. A flag bearing a silver cross upon a blood-red field is placed in the hand of the chief, Pelayo, and a voice rising high above the din shouts: "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ go forth and conquer." Instantly sword and battle-axe meet spear and scimitar in deadly strife, and before the headlong onset of the champions of the cross the Moors give way, closely followed by their victorious foes, carrying dismay and death into their scattered ranks and driving them with the sword at their loins to the plains below. The martial tale then describes the raising of Pelayo on the shields of his admiring followers, the vows of eternal fidelity to Spain and hatred of her ruthless foes, and the declaration of that war which was "bequeathed by bleeding sire to son" for nearly eight hundred years, until the infidel Moor, battling for every inch of ground, is driven into the fortress, City of Granada, where his last desperate stand is made, and from which the last Arab king, Boabdil el Chico, followed by the fiery Musa and the haughty Ayesha la Horra, issue forth to lay the keys of the conquered Alhambra at the feet of the immortal Ysabella, the Catholic, leaving the silver cross floating high above the humbled and defeated crescent. The night has reached into the morning, as with his voice trembling with joy, the aged chronicler tells of the final retreat of the Moors across the straits, never to return, and glorious Spain, disenthralled and free, resumes her place among the nations of the earth.

But to resume. The huts we have described are very humble and the people are poor, but we would seek in vain in the palatial homes of the land for the childlike trust in God's mercies which fills the hearts of these ever faithful children of the church. A lasting proof of their undying faith is always found in the unassuming church whose holy cross stands in the clear mountain air; sacred and revered as if its arms were extended over the loftiest dome, beneath which the more fortunate of the earth worship around altars of onyx and marble. Surrounding the house of God are the last resting places of the faithful departed, and even inside its walls are the graves of long dead priests or holy laymen who had adorned the village with their works of piety and devotion. Very touching and pathetic is the religious affection of these good people for their dead. It matters not how far from consecrated ground the homes of some of them may be situated, they never fail to bring the venerated remains to receive the last sad rites of the church, and to deposit them amid the graves of their fathers; the patriarch of a hundred years and the child of yesterday are brought with the same solemnity to "sleep the sleep of the just" among their own kith and kin. While on my way to one of these remote villages my attention was directed to a scene which has left a lasting impression on my mind. A number of large wooden crosses had been carefully erected by the roadside. Some of them had evidently borne the suns and storms of many years, others were of more recent date, but on them all were requests for the prayers of the faithful for the repose of the souls of the persons whose names were inscribed thereon. As the pious memorials were some distance from the village to which I was going, and as there were no indications of graves thereabout, I was utterly at a loss to account for their presence, as in all my wanderings I had never seen anything like this. Subsequently, I was informed that it was one of the "resting places" which might often be found in the mountains, and the reason for their existence was as follows: When a death occurs at any distance from a church the corpse is carried on the shoulders of the neighbors, the relatives and other mourners following reverently on foot, halts are made at intervals along the road, the coffin is laid down to allow the bearers to rest. Then the mournful journey is resumed until the graveyard is reached. Crosses are then erected, which are carefully preserved by the pious people.

Such places are regarded as holy ground, and all who pass by are expected to pause awhile and pray for the souls whose bodies were temporarily deposited there, and doubtless many a poor soul's release was hastened from purgatory by the humble prayers offered up to God in their behalf on these lonely mountain sides. And thus these primitive people live as their ancestors lived, forgotten by the world, cast upon their own resources to make the best battle they can with the adverse circumstances in which they are born. Their joys are few and simple, their cares and troubles are many and hard to be borne, but who can doubt that the God who heeds the sparrows' fall has them in his holy keeping and will abundantly reward them hereafter for their unswerving fidelity to his holy faith in this weary world. As I ponder over the unassuming piety of this misunderstood and cruelly misrepresented people, I almost regret that the money-making American is fast approaching their quiet homes, and that his presence will banish the venerable customs which were brought to our mountains from brave old Spain by the devoted Franciscans and their spiritual children who first discovered and rescued these lonely homesteads from the wild animals and the wilder Indian savages.

GALWAY'S SPANISH CHARMS.

Edgar L. Wakeman's Vivid Sketch of the Spanish Heredity in the "City of the Tribes."

Extraordinary Proof of the Marvellous Impress Left Fully a Thousand Years Ago.

Spanish Face and Form Infold the Irish Heart and Soul.

Edgar L. Wakeman, writing to the *Leader*, under date of Galway, gives the following vivid sketch of the Spanish heredity in that quaint Irish town; how a thousand years had not served to blot out the distinctive character of the strong Spanish ancestry.

There is not a more thoroughly and characteristically Irish town in Ireland than ancient Galway. Because of this, you will find extraordinary interest, and that most entrancing of all experiences to the traveler, the sense of personal discovery, in the strange and unexpected here, which are not Irish at all. This particularly comprehends that subtle yet almost intangible feeling that you are not in Ireland, but have in your wanderings been suddenly whisked away to one of those delicious hives of humanity, an olden city of Spain. You cannot well describe how and where it is. Like that strange presence pulsing through the Indian summer days, you feel and know its existence. In architecture it finds a surprising number of witnesses. It flashes to your conscience in color, form, carriage and grouping among the lowly, and in the carriage, face, contour, and above all in a certain pathetic loftiness of expression from the eyes, and a large, mobile, almost passionate, mouth of those of gentler birth. So strong is this all upon you, even in its various, fleeting influence, that your fancy instantly transforms that old half-Moorish Franciscan church tower into a mosqued covering for chimes of diminutive cracked bells, which you expect to hear in fretful din every hour of the twenty-four, just as at Havana, Barcelona or Madrid. In that graceful lattice-work behind this quaint old lattice work, you feel there must be swaying curtains of lace or reeds, where hide the senoritas of the Spanish homes you know; and now and then glimpses of the dark, lustrous eyes, the blue-black hair of grape-film shade, the dazzling teeth, and the matchless symmetry, of such a one are truly caught for your poetic feasting. In these huge archways are mendicants, types of Spanish lazaroni. In tremendous iron, and iron-bolted wooden doors, with other half or quarter doors set within them, is the same old sign of Spanish aggressive-defensiveness. In the queer little sliding wickets you find the same hint of secrecy, mystery, caution and fear. In wide huge porch and "entrada" lurk suggestions of luxurious spaciousness behind. While in walled court, with hideous outer façades and beautiful inner decoration, you have an almost exact copy of the entrancing "patios" or inclosed habitation garden-courts of fair Cadiz and Southern Spain.

But in these are found the least in this interesting heritage of heredity. Among the three hundred or four hundred fish-wives of Galway are a hundred women of frame, face, complexion and unconscious race manner, who are precise types of those you will find in the same vocation in the seaport cities of Spain. There are not a half dozen distinctively typical Irish faces among the saucy lot. It is only when you hear their wild, shrill voices, catch their luscious brogue, or become a hapless victim of their merciless billingsgate, that this wonderful semblance is dispelled. Then the awakening is so startling that one wonders if he has been dreaming, or in what grotesque guise these folks will next be masking. Wherever one turns in the quaint city, the race likeness is met. Out of that spacious mansion comes a dignified old man. He is an Irishman, but he has the manner and very look of a Spanish grandee. Here at the window you modestly peer into the face of lady young or old. The broad forehead, deep-set, luminous eyes, the wide-arching eyebrows—truly a gift in Irish beauty, but never so marked as here—the oval face, the large, half-open lips, and the square, round chin, will greet you. These belong to Irish women. But Spanish face and form surely infold the Irish heart and soul. On this huge arched bridge gather loitering peasant women from far Connemara wilds, looking longing at the myriads of salmon in the Corrib beneath. See the red, black and yellow in their course raiment between bare heads and bare knees. You cannot find such striking colors north of the Tyrol. Under this arch, by the edge of the park, which you think of as a plazza; in wide, huge doorways; at crumbling church porches; where lanes and alleys tangle and lose themselves in mazes of picturesque angles; see the flashing of these barbaric Oriental coloner. See the lithe, supple forms; the shapely feet and legs; the free, wide, generous gesture; the head-carried burden; the cloaking of exquisite natural grace under the old black *bradeens;* the universal draping of raiment ornament from wonderful coal-black hair; the unconsciously daring straightforward, half-wondering, half-pathetic look out of those great black, or dark blue, eyes, which so entrances in women of the tropics; the long, drooping eyelashes, far more marked than with Irish beauties, so distinguished in this respect; as well as innumerable other touches and traces of similitude—all a heritage of the warm passionate South; and the student of ethnology has before him most extraordinary proof of the marvellous impress left by Spanish domination of fully a thousand years ago upon this isolated Irish "City of the Tribes."

"CROMWELL AND THE NEW MODEL."

Col. F. A. Le Mesurier, C.B., C.E.I., delivered a lecture at the University Building, Earlsfort terrace, Dublin, under the auspices of the Military Society, on "Cromwell and the New Model." The chair was occupied by the commander of the forces in Ireland, Viscount Wolseley, and there was a large attendance. The chairman, in introducing the lecturer, said it was not very long since Judge Morris had in that room delivered a lecture on the same subject as they were about to hear treated by Col. Le Mesurier. He had pursued the subject still further, and he was sure they would all feel very much interested by what he would say. He understood what they were about to hear was a description of the armament, as well as a sort of general summary or review, of the many battles fought during this eventful period.

Col. Le Mesurier said in the course of his lecture that the adoption of the new model certainly coincided with the turning point of the history of the Civil War. In order to explain the extent of the change effected in the army, he proposed first to inquire what the old model was, and then to compare its effect with the results which followed the introduction of the new. In that day there were four different kinds of mounted soldiers. Three were of cavalry—the cuirassiers, the harquebusiers, and the carbineers. The remaining mounted troops were called dragoons. The cavalry were armed with defensive armor from head to foot. Their offensive armor were a sword and two pistols. The horses were obliged to be at least fifteen hands high to carry the weight of the man with the armor. The harquebusiers had defensive armor, too, but not to the same extent. They had the open casque and breast plate. They also had a sword and pistol and harquebus, which was thirty inches long, and carried a bullet seventeen to the pound. The carbineers were [illegible] the same way as the harquebusiers with regard to their fire-[illegible] inches long. The dragoons were merely infantry mounted. It was necessary that their horses should be swift, for, though they fought as infantry, they always worked with cavalry. They were armed as ordinary foot musketeers, part of them having muskets and part of them pikes. Continuing, Col. Le Mesurier read an extract from the drill book published at this time, showing how tedious and troublesome the manipulation of the musket of the day was. He then explained the form of battle, and briefly referred to the battles of Edge Hill, the relief of Gloucester, the battles of Newbury, Marston Moon, and Naseby in 1645, which was just after the introduction of the new model. It was adopted in 1644. All members of parliament were to resign their commissions in the army, which was no longer to be controlled by a parliamentary committee. One commander-in-chief was to be appointed, and the first was Fairfax. Cromwell was appointed lieutenant general of horse, and he was second in command. Sergeant-Major-General Skippon, as he would be called then, being appointed to command the infantry. How, then, this new model grew under Cromwell and increased in power until it became the most efficient army in Europe was familiar to most of them. Politicians were excluded from the army, and the result of this and many other influences were felt at the present day.

There being no response to the invitation for discussion, Lord Wolseley said he supposed they had better bring the proceedings to a close. They had listened to a most interesting and instructive lecture, and he thought they would all agree with Col. Le Mesurier in what he had said about the influences exercised by Cromwell. They had come to a period when they were not ashamed to recognize that he was a great reality, and not the humbug he was believed and made out to be by some historians of an early period. The military period to which the lecturer had referred was an interesting one from an army point of view. Though the regiments didn't date each to the time of Cromwell, they did to about that period. Many of their regiments—the Royal Dragoons, whom he was glad to see represented there—dated back to the Restoration, and they were in many instances composed of men who had fought under Cromwell. It might be interesting to know with regard to the lecturer's description of the armaments of this period that many specimens of these were preserved in the Royal Hospital. The earliest musket—the matchlock—was there, also the pikes of various lengths, some fourteen and some fifteen feet, and any number of the helmets, or pots, then worn by the infantry as well as by the cavalry. Of the guns used in this period they had no specimens, but of swords they had several examples, and anyone anxious to see them could do so by visiting the Royal Hospital. In conclusion, he thought they were all very much indebted to Col. Le Mesurier for his extremely interesting lecture.—*Dublin Independent.*

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BALLAD POETRY.

The Popular Narrative and Sentimental Poems of Several European Nations.

Their Triumphs, Joys and Sorrows Voiced in Those Whole-Souled and Ringing Melodies.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

[*For The Citizen.*]

Ballad poetry, to be perfect, must reflect the passions, the hopes, and the aspirations of a people. The instincts of a race, their pride, their glory, their triumphs, their joys and their sorrows are voiced in those whole-souled and ringing melodies, the strains of which mock the march of time, going down from sire to son for many and many a generation, and eternal as the green hills. Hesiod and Homer built up their gorgeous poetry on the floating ballads kept alive for centuries by the hearthsides of the homes of the gallant and warrior Greeks of old. As D. F. McCarthy, himself the sweetest of Irish minstrels, says: "The shield of Achilles has disappeared from the world; but the bounding ballad, in which it was pictured in the stanzas of the poet, shall never die." The best of ballads have the bewitching power of immortalizing any person, locality, or thing which forms the subject of their enchanting themes.

The bards of the Norse Sea-kings, whose old-fashioned barks plowed their way through the stormy billows that thundered on the rugged rocks along the coasts of Norway and Iceland, were the first so give the modern ballad its proper form and character. The ozone of the ocean, the shock of the waves on a shingly shore, can be felt and heard in the clashing and tumultous ring of their ballads. The old gods and goddesses of the sunny south, Jupiter and Juno, Mars and Venus and a host of other minor divinities were replaced by those tall, gaunt, muscular Norsemen who worshipped none save Thor the god of War, and Wodin the god of the [illegible] on the boom of which they lived. The *sagas* written by these bards have the physical strength of the iron-bound sinews that fortified their sturdy bodies.

Italy has from time immemorial been the land of song, because 'tis the ideal land of love. Petrarch and Tasso have been the sweetest of her minstrels. Greece can well boast of the lyrical capacity of Sappo, the first woman poet. The Saracens introduced an oriental spice and languishing sentiment into the old Spanish ballads, of which those of the modern schools are redolent still. At the close of the twelfth century, "The Cid" was written—one of the most warlike ballads ever penned—a ballad which glorified the wondrous feats on many a battlefield of Roderigo le Bivar. Owing to the peculiarly enthralling music of the Italian and Spanish languages, their ballads are the most exquisitely melodious of any. They are odorous of the soft southern breezes rippling harmoniously through the green branches of oak tree and of elm, of the pine and palm, like so many Æolian harps of the old-time world. Their battle songs, moreover, stir the heart with the sounds as of pealing trumpets.

In England the ballad deals chiefly with rural scenes. Most of them, consequently, are pastorals. We have, for instance, "Robin Hood," "Little Red Riding Hood." "Allin-a-dale," "Dick Turpin," and the "Jolly Tanner." Percy's "Reliques of English Warlike Poetry" is a good compendium of the military ballads of England, which are, however, only very few in number, owing probably to the phlegmatic character of the Anglo-Saxon race. In musical utterance, feeling, and passion, the Scotch ballads are immeasurably superior to the English, owing to the fact that the Scotch, particularly the Scotch of the Highlands, belong to the Celtic race. Scotland's sons and daughters have been so fascinated by these ballads, that they see a golden glamor hanging over her bleak valleys and desolate crags. The wastes and wilderness wear under the magic spell of song, the voluptuous beauty and warmth of Andalusia. This is the advantage of having a delightful ballad poetry. It clothes the nakedness of a land with the most gorgeously beautiful raiments. Here is the first stanza of the best of Scottish love ballads:

"Saw ye my wee thing?—saw ye my ain thing?
Saw ye, my true love down on yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestereen at the gloaming,
Sought she the burnie where flow'rs the haw tree:
Her hair—it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white—
Dark is the blue of her soft rollin' e'e,
Red-red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?"

The traveler, who was dressed in male attire, told the poet that he did meet his lady love, and says: "Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me!" The bard's "eye in fine frenzy rolling," greeted this impertinent remark of the stranger, and he said

"Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee."

Off went the young man's bonnet, the lint-white locks, the belted braid, that displayed the charms of a white bosom, and the bard laughed with glee at the dear joke played on him by the ravishing minx.

The oldest of German ballads is little over a hundred years old. They are all modern. They are chiefly legendary and sombre. The weird legends of the Rhine and its castles form the subject matter of most of them, as well as fairy superstitions. The wail of the wild witch dancing the dance of devils, on the bleak crags of Jager in the pale moonlight, shrieks like a dismal Jeremiad through one of the most melancholy of German ballads. The most famous of these are Schiller's and Heine's. The latter is the balladist of love, wine and gayity; and his jubilant ballads have an enlivening and jolly effect on the sluggish livers of the Teuton. There as also the "Song of the Sword," an immortal product of genius. It was written with a pencil in his note book on the scabbard the night before the battle by a German officer, and was found in the pocket of the uniform which covered his dead body, after the carnage was over. One of the most glorious of German ballads runs as follows:

"Where'er resounds the German tongue,
Where German hymns to God are sung—
There, gallant brother, take thy stand
That is the German Fatherland!"

What a pity that Irishmen cannot make the same proud boast of the language of their ancient bards and brehons, their kerns and gallowglasses!

Of French ballad literature the most sensuous, and yet, by a strange paradox, the purest, for it was the most chivalrous, was that of the troubadours of that lusciously exquisite portion of the South of France yclept Provence. Among the best of these old time minstrels were King Richard, *coeur de Lion*, "Heart of a Lion," Pierre Vidal and the monk of Montaudon. A halo of romance has gathered round their names, and thrown a glamor over the records of their lives. They were the daintiest of poets. Roses, love and wine, are the themes of their tender lyrics. In 1431–85, stands out François Villon, "the prince of all ye ballad-makers," who reveled in the confection of such pretty bonbons, as rondeaux, rondels, vilanelles, and triolets. Voiture was a connoisseur in the formation of the latter delicacies. When the sweet poet died in 1648, Sarassin wrote an elegy on his friend in which, among other strange mourners, he causes the dear little triolet, all in tears, trot by the side of Voiture's coffin on its sad pilgrimage to the grave. Mr. Dobson and Andrew Lang are the best balladists of this quaint style of poetry in the England of today.

[illegible] Irish ballad [illegible] sorrowful. The misfortunes and [illegible] ings of the Irish people have been reflected in the grief-stricken tone of their balladists, particularly in the gloom of the Jacobite days. The best ballads were those of the affections, the heart-aching wail of the author of the "Exile of Erin," and the crown of thorns that were wreathed around the brows of the afflicted and outraged race at home. One of the few hopeful ballads of the dark period of persecution, were Carolan's gay and bibulous Gaelic poems, and that glorious and triumphant pæan of James Clarence Mangan, who is most assuredly the best of our purely Gaelic poets, "*Roisin Dhu*," or "Dark Rosaleen," emblematic of Erin:

"O, my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh! Do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green—
They march along the deep!
There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green,
And Spanish ale shall give you hope
My dark Rosaleen!—
My own Rosaleen,
Shall glad your heart—shall give you hope—
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My dark Rosaleen!"

Here is the concluding stanza:

"O, the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood—
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood;
And gun peal and slogan cry
Wake many a glen serene
Ere thou shall fade—ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen—
The judgment hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade—ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!"

These joyous and exuberant lyrics put a new soul into the land of Erinn. They made her believe that there was no use whatsoever for her moaning and whining at the feet of her Saxon despot. She eschewed the politics of despair, abandoned her kneeling posture and touched the chords of the national harp to the tones of hope and triumph through the medium of Mangan's fervid ballads. And the rosy dawn came after the starless night, and a portion of her liberty was won in 1824, when the chains of religious persecution were stricken from her limbs!

THE GAELIC CLASS.

There was a large influx of strangers at the school Sunday, April 15, to witness the election of officers for the ensuing year; among them Mr. John MacRae, No. 264 Walnut street, a Scotch birth and parentage, an accomplished scholar and a good Scotch-Gaelic reader and translator. We shall have many more of his countrymen at all our future meetings. We must have the ladies—God bless them—why don't they come? We will teach them Irish songs, and write letters in English for Irish-speaking people.

MAURICE CREAN, Sec'y.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

"O'DONNELL ABOO."

Story of How Red Hugh O'Donnell Defeated General Sir Conyers Clifford's Army in the Curlew Mountains.

BY STANDISH O'GRADY, IN "THE BOG OF STARS."

CHAPTER IV.

RATCLIFFE CLEARS THE BOHAR-BOY WOOD.

So over the vast brown bog the Royalist army, minus the cavalry, wound its way slowly towards the wood. Below them lay Constable and his men guarding the barricado. Below these, again, Clifford's cavalry took their ease at the foot of the southwards. The passage of the Curlews was not yet achieved nor a point reached at which horse could be anything but a danger and encumbrance.

It was now morning. The pouring rain of the previous night gradually ceased, the sky cleared, and the sun rose. The peasantry who from the hills watched the army saw the glittering of armour and weapons with thoughts friendly or hostile as the Queen's host slowly threaded the brown bog curving round towards the wood where all believed that the battle of the Curlew Mountains would now be lost or won.

As the atmosphere cleared the picturesqueness of the scenery became observable, lit up now in the light of the rising sun. Hills stood well defined against the blue of the sky. Bits of primeval forest showed here and there. The heather which still clothes these mountain sides was purpling with the advance of autumn, but had not yet assumed its deepest hues. Swollen by last night's pouring rain mountain streams flashed white in the distance. The Curlew Mountains, however, though picturesque, are not imposing and hardly deserve the name.

Such was the scene amid which the Queen's host advanced curving round by that bent road and approaching the wood which bounded the vast brown bog on the north. Flocks of crying curlews, scared by the sound and glitter, rose here and there, settling down at greater distances. All eyes were now fixed on the wood. It was obviously the next point, and Sir Conyers thought the last point at which the passage of the Curlews could be disputed with any advantage to the northern.

All believed that this wood was filled with Red Hugh's warriors, and that the battle would be fought amid its depths. It was August 14, and here as elsewhere autumn was laying a fiery finger on the leaves, upon the mountain ash chiefly, a tree very common in primeval Irish woods—also the first which yields itself to autumnal painting. Nor were Clifford's conjectures quite wrong, though too far from quite right. As Ratcliffe approached the wood the still quiet groves of it became suddenly alive. From some half thousand matchlocks scattered along its edge, each gunman there posted well behind a protecting tree, tongues of fire flashed out through the leaves and scrub, bullets of lead and iron began to rain into Ratcliffe, and smoke concealed all greenery. Hoarse voices in Gaelic shouted words of command, for here was The MacDermot with Red Hugh's 600 arquebus men, arshers, and musqueteers. The battle of the Curlew Mountains had begun.

Forthwith Ratcliffe formed his column for attack, light troops forward, gallowglasses behind, and plunged into the smoke regardless of the fast-flashing tongues and the raining bullets. The firing suddenly ceased. If there was any fighting it was mostly hand-to-hand and unseen amid the trees. I believe there was not much. As bold Ratcliffe and his men with a shout plunged into and through the wood, firing as they went, MacDermot and his men began to pour out at the other side.

Although the wood might have been successfully maintained had Red Hugh concentrated all his forces there in time, it was not maintainable by such strength as MacDermot had at his command. I may mention here casually that Boyle had been the capital of the MacDermot nation till fierce Bingham took it from them, and, the Queen being agreeable, conferred it upon himself, and that the Monastery was a foundation of the same family. So MacDermot had in this war something to fight for beyond glory. MacDermot, however, could not hold the wood. He fell back, he and his gunmen, retreating upon Brian Ogue, who also with his gallowglasses fell back northwards and nearer to Red Hugh's camp, far enough, at least, not to subject themselves to any very deadly fire on the part of Ratcliffe's men, who now emerged, cheering, on the northern borders of the same, probably sending thence a volley by way of military farewell into MacDermot's rear. Ratcliffe had cleared out the Bohar-boy wood in fine style, opening up, in fine style, so far, the passage of the Curlews. From the wood, which was half a mile in depth, the road still running northwards and Collooneywards, now traversed another brown bog, and along this moving off leisurely and in good order Ratcliffe saw MacDermot and the expelled gunmen retreating in the wake of Brian Ogue of the Battle-Axes and his small but formidable-looking cohort of mailed gallowglasses trailing their long battle-axes. Beaten so far were the northerns, but obviously not beaten to flight. Genial Homer would have pictured MacDermot and Brian Ogue as two raw-devouring lions beaten off from the cattle fold, but retreating slowly, looking around and askance, not being at all terrified in their minds. In such wise did Brian Ogue of the long-shadowed battle-axe and MacDermot of the loud war-cry yield before to the fierce onrush of the Mac-an-Iarla.*

CHAPTER X.

FINDS THAT THE BOG MUST BE FOUGHT FOR.

As soon as Clifford learned that Red Hugh's people had been driven out of the wood and that the way was cleared, he dispatched a messenger with orders to Markham to bring up the horse. He, the messenger, aide-de-camp, as we would now say, rode along the curving road through the first bog past Ralph Constable and his detachment who guarded the barricado, communicating to them the glad news, and so fared downwards and southwards to that green pasture, where the horses were grazing and the men were strolling about or sitting on their big military saddles the ground being so wet.

But we must hasten back to more exciting scenes, noting only that at this time Markham and the Queen's horse began to get under way. Meantime the invading army was traversing the dangerous Bohar-boy wood which had been so gallantly cleared by Ratcliffe and the vanguard.

Here for half a mile the solid slow wheels groaned and screeched and the tramp of marching men echoed in the dim depths of the forest, intermingled with the sharper noise of the hoofs of horses, "and the trees waved above them their green leaves" sparsely touched with fire and gold "dewy with nature's tear-drops as they passed." Through this half mile of primeval forest rolled the army, a scene of sylvan loveliness and beauty through which Destiny had determened that it should roll again not so harmoniously. Savage and the rear guard were probably still among the trees when the sound of fresh firing in front proved that Ratcliffe and the van were again engaged with the enemy, opening up a mile or two more of the wild road through the Curlews. The army as it emerged from the wood observed the same order of advance. Ratcliffe with his gunmen and light troops still in the van. The road now traversed another bog, bare too, except that there was on the eastern side, that to Ratcliffe's right, another wood lying rather further than a calyver's shot from the road. Upon this road MacDermot's men were still in view and also as Ratcliffe soon perceived deploying for fight, "not being at all terrified in their minds." The left wing of MacDermot's little army abutted on and was protected by the wood. His right leaned upon the hillside, for the road at this point skirted the mountain. The bog-plain sloped from right to left. MacDermot's right so leaned upon high and rugged ground, and his left upon the wood a necessary arrangement, seeing that otherwise he, being of inferior strength, would be out-flanked and compelled to retreat even without shot fired. The ground upon which MacDermot deployed, though described as bog, was yet notwithstanding consistent enough for fighting purposes. Ratcliffe also drew out his men and disposed them in fighting order. There was no opportunity for manœuvering or nice feats of generalship. It was a fair and even duel between the gunmen of both armies. MacDermot's men had the advantage of the ground, for they were more inured to fighting in such an element than regular troops. Ratcliffe's, on the other hand, were superior in numbers and furnished probably with a better style of weapon. Moreover, MacDermot's six hundred were not all gunmen. With them were interspersed bowmen, Scots for the most part, Red Hugh's maternal kindred, and javelin-men who hurled their spears exactly like the warriors of the Iliad, casting with great force and accuracy to an extraordinary distance. Remember, too, that Elizabethan firearms were very different towards ours. Good armor could resist the impact of their bullets and their range was very short. So javelin-men, Homeric spearcasters trained from childhood to the practice of the art, were of considerable service when the opposing ranks come into some relative nearness.

Behind Ratcliffe's fast deploying men the rest of the Royalist army stood "refused," waiting till he should dispersed this obstruction and clear the way once more. Immediately behind him was the first division of the convoy, then the main battle under the President, then the second convoy, after which Savage and the rear guard still struggling through the Bohar-boy wood.

* Ratcliffe was son of the Earl of Sussex. The Irish at this time had a great respect for Mac-an-Iarlas.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond hearsay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

EXPERIMENTS BELOW ZERO.

The Varied Effects of Intense Cold on Different Animals.

M. Raoul Pictet has been making some curious experiments on the physiological effects of extreme cold. With the aid of various freezing mixtures he has arranged what he calls "wells of cold," the air in which is cooled to various degrees. So far the temperature in the coldest of these wells is only reduced to 166 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero, but much lower temperatures are easily reached by other means. It is calculated by modern physicists that about 460 degrees below zero will be reached what is called the "temperature of death," or "absolute cold," at which all substances are solid and at their extreme limit of contraction. M. Pictet has of course not yet attained this condition, but he has approached near enough to it to give some singular indications of what may be discovered later.

In one of his experiments a dog was introduced into a "well of cold" at a temperature of 130 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero. For 10 minutes the animal's vitality struggled successfully against the cold, and even raised to the extent of half a centigrade degree the temperature of the well. At the end of this time the dog's extremities began to freeze, but the heart and vital organs remained warm, and it was not until the end of an hour and a half that the temperature of this part of the animal was found to have been reduced one centigrade degree. After this point was reached, however, the vital powers seemed to give way, the temperature suddenly fell, and nothing could revive the poor beast.

M. Pictet himself had the courage to try how such terrible cold felt. He plunged his bare arm into the well at the same temperature which had proved fatal to the dog and held it there for five or six minutes. At the end of three or four minutes he felt a violent pain, proceeding apparently from the periosteum, or sensitive covering of the bone. After about two minutes of this he withdrew his arm, and a sharp, burning pain came on, caused, as he supposed, by the sudden reaction in the tissues. In experimenting on other animals he found that the lower the organism the better it seemed to resist cold. Fishes could be frozen hard without losing vitality. If the temperature to which they were exposed did not sink below the Fahrenheit zero, and if the experiment did not last too long, they could be thawed out, apparently without injury. Frogs could be kept for a time in a temperature 20 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero without harm, but they succumbed to a temperature of 30 degrees below. Snakes bore about the same degree of cold, and centipeds did not seem to be inconvenienced by a temperature of 60 below. Snails were still more hardy, suffering no loss of vitality in a well at a temperature 184 degrees below zero.

This astonishing fortitude was, however, far surpassed by that of certain microbes, which M. Pictet froze up in a block of solidified atmospheric air at a temperature 350 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero. In this block, hard and solid as crystal, he kept them for some time, and then thawed them out gently, upon which they exhibited their usual activity. What can be the nature of a circulation which is indifferent to this awful cold or of an organism in which circulation can be entirely stopped without injury we can only conjecture, but M. Pictet's experiments have certainly added another mystery to that standing enigma of science known as vitality.—Paris Journal.

An Odd Cure For Fainting.

In The Law Times some interesting stories are told of the late Baron Parke, afterward Lord Wensleydale. His love of the law is illustrated by the anecdote of his apologizing to a hostess for his late arrival at a party on the ground that he could not tear himself away from "a beautiful demurrer." His passion for fresh air was such that on buying a handsomely furnished house his first order, it is said, was that all the bedposts should be sawed down and the next that all the bed curtains should be burned. At Exeter he insisted on ventilation in a wholesale way which wrought havoc with counsel and juries.

The best story of Baron Parke is perhaps that which tells how once when summoned to advise the lords he was seized with a fainting fit in the middle of his argument. Various remedies were applied without avail. At last a happy thought occurred to one of his brethren, who well knew his peculiar temperament. He rushed into the library, seized a large musty volume of old statutes, rushed back and held it to the nostrils of the patient. The effect was marvelous. He at once opened his eyes, gave them a slight rub and in a few seconds was as well as ever.

Buffon's Laziness.

Buffon rose always with the sun, and he used often to tell by what means he had accustomed himself to get out of bed so early. "In my youth," said he, "I was very fond of sleep. It robbed me of a great deal of my time, but my poor Joseph (his domestic) was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time that he could make me get up at 6.

"The next morning he did not fail to awake and torment me, but he received only abuse. The day after he did the same, with no better success, and I was obliged at noon to confess that I had lost my time. I told him that he did not know how to manage his business; that he ought to think of my promise and not to mind my threats. The day following he employed force, and I begged for indulgence, I bid him begone, I stormed, but Joseph persisted. I was therefore obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke by thanks, accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my work."—London Judy.

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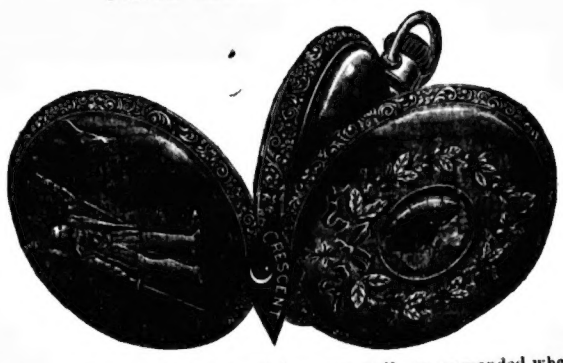

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Human Pigs.

Poverty is no crime, but the filthy ways and filthy lives of many people are criminal, and this interpretation should be put upon the wholesale disregard of hygienic surroundings by the authorities. The man who throws a dead animal into the alley is held amenable to the laws of the land, while the woman who lets all sorts of filth accumulate within her house is protected by the door of her house. But she should not be.

We will not approach the point of eradicating diseases which are eradicable until we go at the work at the right end and in the right manner. There are human pigs, and they are not so scarce as to excite wonder either. These must be handled by the usual means of abating nuisances, and if the healthy well being of a community depends upon housecleaning by the strong arm of the law, why, in goodness' name, let it come to that!

There is a great problem that our age is not likely to settle, and it relates to the welfare of the poor, for they are with us always. Poverty stalks abroad in the land, and to relieve it calls for a new deal somewhere. This great question the wise men who make our laws will settle to their own but not to their neighbors' satisfaction. But the one fact remains undisproved, and that is that cleanliness is less expensive than quarantine.—Dr. John A. de Armand in Medical Bulletin.

The Stormiest Region.

In reply to the query of which is the stormiest region of the ocean Pearson's Weekly says: "Taking the question in the ordinary sense of the words, this evil distinction must be given to the region lying about Cape Horn, or Cape Smoke, as it is aptly and with good reason called by mariners. It is true that no storms so violent as the hurricanes of the West Indies, the cyclones of the North American Atlantic coast or the typhoons of the China seas are to be met with here.

"But, on the other hand, the waters of Cape Horn have never been unvisited by storms for more than a week or two at a stretch within the memory of man. Standing on the outpost of the world, Cape Horn is the meeting place of ocean currents of very different temperatures from the icy cold waters of the Antarctic drift to the warmth of the Brazil and Peruvian return currents. The prevailing winds are from the northwest and west, and these coming from the warm regions of the Pacific condense into the fogs which sailors call 'Cape Horn blankets' and which are the sure forerunners of storms. The extremely low level to which the glaciers of Terra del Fuego descend, the perpetual congelation of the subsoil, the meeting of conflicting winds of very different temperatures, are all direct or indirect causes combining to make this the most constantly stormy region of the world."

A Bonaparte Letter.

An Italian newspaper publishes the following characteristic letter from the conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz to the celebrated actor Talma: "I have fought like a lion for the republic, my good Talma, and now she rewards me by letting me starve. I am at the end of my resources. That wretched Aubrey leaves me in the streets when he could very well do something for me. I feel capable of accomplishing more than the Generals Santerre and Rossignol, and there is not a soul to employ me. You are fortunate! Your fame does not depend on any one. Two hours passed on the stage puts you in the presence of the public, who rewards you with glory. We military must strive for it on a larger stage, on which we are not always allowed to appear. Do not complain of your position. Remain at your theater. Who knows if I shall ever appear at mine again? I saw Monvel yesterday. He is a true friend. Barras promises me much. Will he keep his word? I doubt it. Meanwhile I have arrived at my last sou. Can you favor me with a few crowns? They would be very useful to me, and I give you my word to return them to you from the first kingdom that I conquer with my sword. How fortunate the heroes of Ariosto were! They did not depend upon a minister of war! Addio, always yours, Bonaparte."

KELLY'S MARCHING

The California "Army" Moves From Council Bluffs.

ONE HUNDRED RECRUITS ADDED.

Escorted by Iowa Troops the "Industrials" See the Last of the Hawkeye State and Camp by Two Railways Waiting for a Train to Capture, Which Duly Comes Along—Coxey Starts From Cumberland, Md., by the Canal.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., April 17.—Kelly's army broke camp in this city and marched through the principal streets on their journey eastward. The army camped at night at Chautauqua grounds, four miles east of Council Bluffs, alongside the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific and Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railways. It is believed that it will capture a freight train east on one of the lines out of this city. When it broke camp the state militia formed line and prepared to escort it from the city. The army received over 100 new recruits here, enough to form two extra companies.

Must Respect the Laws of the Country.

In accepting the new recruits Kelly made a speech to them, and said he hoped they would respect the laws of the country, stand firmly by the army, and in no way do anything to bring it in disgrace. The line of march was then taken up, headed by Kelly on horseback, Chief of Police Scanlan, a representative of the Associated Press, and Sheriff Hazen. The sight presented was one the like of which was perhaps never seen on the face of the earth. The stars and stripes was conspicuous in the line of march. Some flags, tattered and torn, corresponded fittingly with the commonwealers who acted as standard bearers. The men were sore-footed, dejected, and scantily clothed in some instances. Fully 50,000 people visited their camp in this city. On the line of march out of Council Bluffs the streets were black with people, who cheered the commonwealers on their way as they kept time to "Marching Through Georgia" and other familiar airs rendered by a drummer boy and cornetist who belong to the army.

Train Held Up According to Law.

The members of the army were weighted down with bedding, tin buckets and sacks of provisions. The people of this city sympathize with the army nearly to a man. Two companies of militia under command of Major Evans brought up the rear and followed the army to its camping grounds. No acts of violence were shown by the members of the army in any way, either to individuals or property. They are determined in purpose, however, and that the army will land in Chicago within the next forty-eight hours is without doubt. It was predicted that they would soon break camp and capture a train and the prediction looks like it would be fulfilled, for the army stopped a train on the Milwaukee line and demanded that it take them to Chicago. Indications were that the trainmen would accede to the demand, as they are not strong enough in numbers to resist.

WHERE COXEY LEADS IN PERSON.

He Will Brave the Dangers of the "Raging Canawl."

CUMBERLAND, Md., April 17.—Today Coxey's "army" made a change in its manner of marching and "took water." The leader, taking advantage of the inflow of large cash contributions that have been received during the stay in Cumberland, hired canal boats to take the party eighty-five miles down the canal to Williamsport. The canal company was not anxious to transport the party, but Coxey showed his abilities as a manager, telegraphing to Washington for the permission of General Nicholson to pass the boats through the locks and securing job-lot freight rate at 52 cents a ton on all his company—men, horses and lumber. This was 12 cents higher than the rate on coal, but will make three days of pleasant travel against the same amount of weary tramping.

The company has been docility itself since the reappearance of Coxey in camp. Pizzaro, formerly known as the "Unknown," sank out of sight and was forgotten in twelve hours after his expulsion. Smith Pizzaro's last play for notoriety and favor was made last night and was neatly checkmated by Coxey. Smith advertised the appearance of himself, Jesse Coxey and the "Veiled Lady" at a 25-cent lecture in Cumberland.

Coxey then sowed broadcast a flaming handbill announcing a free lecture by himself and Browne just across the street from Pizzaro's hall, adding to the announcement that Jesse Coxey would not appear at any meeting, contrary reports notwithstanding. Smith was outpointed. Coxey's hall was crowded to the doors and the audience applauded vigorously the odd stories and similes of Browne, who in spite of his uncouth appearance and rough speech is a great stump artist. But across the street the ex-patent medicine man had not a single auditor.

Plan of a Cincinnati Populist.

CINCINNATI, April 17.—Mr. John H. Grover, the Populist candidate for mayor of Cincinnati, has announced that he will take 5,000 of Cincinnati's unemployed and present them in a body at Washington "to the authors of their misfortune, where without firearms or threats of any sort they will ask the national government to give them work or give them rations." He proposes to pay $10,000 for transporting the men and have each man take three days' rations and two blankets. Negotiations with the government will be without co-operation with Coxey.

Frye Reaches Effingham.

EFFINGHAM, Ills., April 17. — General Frye and his commonweal army have arrived in this city 150 strong. They went into camp on the outskirts of the city and will remain over today to rest. The men are intelligent and well-behaved. Mayor Arnold on behalf of the city has provided them with the necessary food. General Frye addressed an audience of 2,000 from the court house steps and was attentively listened to. Frye with his command will proceed from here along the line of the old national road to Washington.

The Denver "Industrial" Idea.

DENVER, April 17.—A detachment of Grayson's Colorado regiment, Coxey's army, seized a line of box cars in the Burlington and Missouri yards, and driving off the watchman intended to force the railroad company to haul them east.

This not being done several empty cars were set on fire, but the fire was put out. Later the cars were again discovered burning and thirty were destroyed. The plan now is for the regiment to seize a Rock Island train.

EMINENT JURIST DEAD.

David Dudley Field Closes His Long Career.

NEW YORK, April 13.—David Dudley Field is dead. Mr. Field arrived from Italy only last Wednesday on the Columbia. He had gone abroad to take Christmas dinner with his only child, Lady Musgrave and to attend the 21st birthday celebration of her eldest son, Dudley Field Musgrave. His daughter is the widow of Sir Anthony Musgrave, who was governor

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

of Queensland, Australia, when he died. She is living at East Grinstead, Sussex county, about twenty miles from London He then traveled about on the continent and took the steamer from Genoa for home.

He has been at his home at 22 Gramercy park since his return and was thought to be in good health for a man of his age—89 years. He was taken with pneumonia Wedesday night. He had expected to spend his summer among the Berkshire hills where he was born. He was engaged in writing his autobiography. Only last Weddesday he remarked: "My one great ambition is to have my codes adopted all over the world. They are written and published. It is only a question of time when they will be accepted."

GENERAL SLOCUM DEAD.

He Dies at His Home in Brooklyn from an Attack of Pneumonia.

NEW YORK, April 16.—General Henry W. Slocum died at his home 405 Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, of pneumonia. General Slocum had been ill only a few days, and death was not expected. Just before 6

GEN. HENRY W. SLOCUM.

o'clock he suddenly began to sink, and Dr. Bellows, his family physician, who had charge of the case, was summoned. Dr. Bellows saw at once the serious condition of his patient. He called Drs. Fuhs and Benjamin F. Westbrook in consultation. They succeeded in arresting General Slocum's relapse and at 8 o'clock he was thought to be better. He suddenly grew worse, and his family was summoned to his bedside to await the end.

At 11 o'clock General Slocum fell into a sleep, which continued three-quarters of an hour. A few minutes before midnight he awoke and spoke to his family. At 12:05, perfectly conscious of his approaching end, he died a painless death. Immediately after the house was closed, the telephone bell muffled, and no information at all given of the general's death until after 2 o'clock in the morning.

WAGES ORDERED RESTORED.

Judge Dundy's Ruling Affecting Union Pacific Employes.

OMAHA, April 13.—Judge Dundy has ordered the wages of Union Pacific employes restored to the old rate. This applies to all the employes of the Union Pacific whose salaries were cut last September. The order directs the receivers to restore the old wage schedule, so far as it relates to the men represented by the petitioners and others similarly situated; and in cases where the men receive less than $60 per month; the increased pay shall commence on the first day of March last and in all cases where the men receive $60 per month or over the increased pay shall commence on the 1st of the present month.

The opinion rendered in connection with the order is a very extensive one, covering the entire history of the wage troubles on the Union Pacific road and the hearing before Judge Caldwell. Judge Dundy declares that Judge Caldwell in his famous order misstated facts and took malicious pleasure in passing strictures on him.

To Count a Quorum.

WSHINGTON, April 16.—After a session of two hours the Democratic members of the house committee on rules agreed on a new quorum-counting rule, and thereupon sent for Reed and Burrows, the Republican members of the committee. It is understood that the rule provides for ascertaining a quorum by counting members present and not voting and also for fineing members who absent themselves from the house. The new rule will probably be presented when the house meets again.

The Great Northern Strike.

SPOKANE, Wash., April 16.—There is no change in the situation along the Great Northern. Not a wheel is turning from Minot, N. D., to Seattle. Assistant General Superintendent Farrell had telegrams from head officers of the Engineers and Firemen's Brotherhood and the Order of Railway Trainmen, assuring them the strike would receive no moral or financial support from them. No attempt will be made to move trains out of Spokane until the trouble is settled.

Abner Wood, a farmer of Grinnell, Ia., fell dead from heart disease.

VICTORY FOR MADELINE

THE JURY AWARDS MISS POLLARD $15,000 DAMAGES.

End of One of the Most Celebrated Cases of Recent Times—Only a Short Time Occupied by the Jury in Considering the Verdict.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—Judge Jere Wilson was again the central figure in the Pollard-Breckinridge case. Although he promised to curtail his speech as much as he could consistently with the rights of his client, it was apparent from the detail with which he entered into the discussion that he would consume half the day. Madeline Pollard, the plaintiff, was not

BRECKINRIDGE. POLLARD.

in the court, but the Breckinridges, father and son, were in their usual places, but attended by none of the lawyers except Mr. Stoll of Kentucky.

Wilson finished his argument at 2:30 o'clock and the judge began his charge to the jury.

Remarks of Judge Bradley.

Judge Bradley spoke first of the pollution of the case. He said it contained few interesting legal points and that if the parties had been obscure it would have attracted but little attention. But because one of the parties had been of national prominence and because, he feared, of the character of the details, it had attracted a large and sometimes a vulgar crowd. The court and even some of the jurors had been deluded with letters, conveying suggestions, to which the writers had not the decency to sign their name. He believed the jury had followed the injunction to discuss the case with no one. It was inaccurate to say that the community at large was a third party to the case. Except to see that justice was done between the parties the world at large had no interest in the case.

Verdict Not to Vindicate.

Public opinion should not weigh a feather; abstract principles were not to be vindicated, nor the country girl, the home and the family. Personal opinions or wishes based on the relations between the two parties, or other facts were not to be considered. It was only a question whether a contract to marry existed and whether if broken there was an excuse for breaking it. The verdict was not to vindicate the character of either party. Although much of the testimony was unfit to be reviewed, it was to be said, to the credit of the parties that they had handled indelicate details as carefully and decently as possible.

All Looked at Thompson.

Nearly all of the counsel had observed the same restraint, and he regretted that this could not be said of all the counsel. (Here all eyes were turned to Phil Thompson.) Any revolting standards of manhood which had been set up were not to be weighed as evidence, nor were collateral details to be allowed to obscure the main issue. The credit to be placed upon the testimony of plaintiff and defendant where they differed was to be judged in the light of the character and lives of the two, as shown, and of other circumstances affecting their creditability.

How Breckinridge Took It.

After reviewing the contentions of the two parties briefly, he read the legal instructions granted, which have already been printed. Colonel Breckinridge sat between Major Butterworth and his son Desha with his chin resting on his hand while the instructions were being read. The whole charge was in manuscript and Judge Bradley read it in a rather monotonous tone. In explaining one of the instructions the judge said that if the defendant had any knowlege of improper conduct on the part of the plaintiff when he promised to marry her, if he did, his action condoned those offenses. Explaining another, he said that the defendant, quoting a Massachusetts opinion, could not be excused from a failure to perform a marriage contract by legal inability to fulfill it, because his legal inability did not lessen the damage to the plaintiff from his failure to marry her.

The Mock Marriage.

There must be grosser impropriety than that testified to by Julian regarding a mock marriage, to form an excuse for a failure to fulfill a marriage contract, the judge said, and he quoted Julian's testimony. Lewd and lascivious conduct meant more than Julian had testified to, or Roselle, who told only of such acts as were common between people engaged to be married. To sum it all up, if a contract was not made, or if it was agreed to with the understanding that it was not to be carried out, the verdict should be for the defendant. If a contract had been made and broken they were to find for the plaintiff, awarding such damages as they saw fit. Their verdict must be formed upon the preponderance of evidence.

The jury retired at seven minutes after 3 o'clock. After being out a short time it returned and rendered a verdict in favor of Miss Pollard, and awards her $15,000 damages.

Breckinridge in the House.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—Representative Breckinridge of Kentucky appeared on the floor of the house of representatives for the first time since the famous Pollard-Breckinridge trial began in court. He reached the Capitol shortly before the session opened and went first to the appropriations committee room, where he exchanged greetings with members of the committee. There was no allusion to the litigation and merely the usual expressions as to good health. Before he had been in his seat two minutes he shifted nervously and then arose and left the chamber. The house soon after took a recess.

Miss Pollard is still at the Providence hospital, suffering from the nervous prostration which followed upon her trial. Inquiries at the hospital elicited the information that her condition remains about the same. Whether this means that she is likely to pass through a serious illness is not yet known.

Victory for Governor Waite.

DENVER, April 16.—The supreme court has just granted the writ of ouster in the fire and police boards controversy and ordered the old board to turn over the offices. This is a complete victory for Governor Waite.

COSTLY CONFLAGRATION.

American Glucose Works at Buffalo Destroyed by Fire.

BUFFALO, April 13.—The great plant of the American Glucose company, which also has extensive works at Peoria, Ills., and which is controlled by C. J. Hamlin, the famous trotting horse man, and his sons, burned. The loss is considerably over $1,000,000. The plant of the company was situated on the Hamburg canal, Scott, East and West Market and Perry streets. There were four immense buildings of brick, ranging in height from eight to eleven stories. The fire started in the main building, which was used for making the glucose. The buildings burned were the power and feed house, the refinery and the storehouse. The Buffalo city fish market was also burned. Day and night shifts were working and the night shift had just gone to work at 7 o'clock when the engineer saw fire coming out of the dynamo room. The works were running at full capacity, and there were 125 men in the building.

In fifteen minutes the entire interior was in flames. The men at work ran to the fire escapes and it is thought most of them got out. Some jumped into the Hamburg canal and were pulled out by firemen, and some, those in the lower floors, jumped from the windows. So far as known four workmen and three firemen were injured. These are: The injured—Chris Lang, fireman, leg broken by fall; two Poles, names unknown, jumped from the top floor, badly injured; John Stein, workman, burned about the head and face; Louis H. Schrader, fireman, badly burned; Joseph Webber, fireman, burned and injured; John Young, workman, burned about the head and injured internally.

BRAZILIAN REVOLUTION ENDED.

Admiral Mello Surrenders to the Uruguayan Authorities.

MONTEVIDEO, April 16.—Admiral de Mello and the 1,500 insurgent troops who disembarked on the frontier of Uruguay, after having been driven out of the state of Rio Grande du Sul by the troops of President Peixoto have surrendered to the Uruguayan authorities and the rebellion in Brazil may be said to have completely collapsed. The authorities of Uruguay have disarmed the Brazilian insurgents. The state of seige at Rio de Janeiro has been extended to June 13, but it is believed that, in view of the surrender of Admiral de Mello and the insurgent forces, the Brazilian government will shortly be able to raise the state of seige.

BUENOS AYRES, April 14.—Admiral Da Gama, the fugitive Brazilian insurgent leader, has issued a manifesto declaring that the commander of the Portuguese warship Mindello offered him an asylum on board that vessel, and that he then detained the Brazilians on board refusing them permission to land although, according to Admiral Da Gama, the Argentine authorities had expressed their willingness to receive the refugees.

SORROW AT ASHEVILLE.

The City in Mourning Over the Death of Senator Vance.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., April 16.—Senator Vance's death in Washington was a great shock to Asheville. The whole city is in mourning. All the flags are at half-mast and the court house is draped in black and a large oil painting of the senator hangs on the outer wall of the building wreathed in white flowers. Announcement of his death was made in the churches of the city at the morning service. Special memorial services were held in the First Baptist church. The building, which is the largest in the city, was crowded to the doors and many prominent citizens of all parties delivered eulogies. Committees were appointed to draft resolutions and to arrange for the funeral, which is expected to be in this city. A monster memorial meeting for the whole of western North Corolina has been arranged for and will probably occur Friday. Senator Vance's first wife, his father and mother and one child, are buried in Asheville.

RESULTED IN A FIZZLE.

That Great Lockout at Chicago Amounts to Nothing.

CHICAGO, April 13.—Business men in every department of industrial and commercial enterprise rejoice over the failure of the attempt on the part of a few contractors to destroy the building industries in this city for the current year. The effort is universally condemed. The fact that building operations on a tremendous scale have been projected for this season makes all business men realize the vast damage that would be worked to the city should the scheme to stop all work of this kind be successful.

Real estate men denounce the project; material men will not co-operate in it; the great majority of the contractors will have none of it, and the promoters themselves are dejected. Even the most radical contractors in the Central Building league admit that the attempted lockout has failed miserably and that their efforts to force the labor men into idenessl have been unsuccessful.

Perished in a Hotel Fire.

SAN ANGELO, Tex., April 16.—The Concho hotel was burned. After the fire the remains of O. F. Berry, a prominent stockman from Fort McKavett, Menard county, were found in the debris burned to a crisp. The unfortunate man had driven over fifty miles, expecting to meet his wife, who is en route from Ohio. The other guests barely escaped by jumping from the second-story windows in their night clothes.

Verdict for the Newspaper.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., April 13.—The libel suit of Nathalie Pollard against the Omaha World-Herald for $50,000 was decided by the jury in the general court in favor of the defendant. The alleged libel consisted in the statement that Mrs. Pollard, who is the widow of E. A. Pollard, the historian, was united in a common law marriage to A. Z. Bowen, her business manager.

Judgment for Malicious Prosecution.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., April 13.—In the district court, Henry Hefner, a live stock commission merchant, got judgment against the National Bank of Sioux City for $7,000 damages for malicious prosecution. Officers of the bank caused Hefner's arrest because of some trouble over an $800 draft. The criminal charge was dismissed without prosecution.

George R. Davis for Senator.

CHICAGO, April 14.—Colonel George R. Davis, director general of the World's fair, has announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for United States senator from Illinois.

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST RECEIVED BY TELEGRAPH

Happenings in the Prairie State Given in a Column by Themselves Where They Can Be Easily Perused by Our Own People—Review of a Week.

MASCOUTAH, Ills., April 16.—The attempt to introduce the single tax land theory of Henry George into practical operation in Engelmann township south of here has stirred up a lively controversy, and it is likely that the whole matter will land in the St. Clair county court for settlement. Mascoutah and Belleville capitalists own hundreds of acres of farming land in Engelmann township and they are not particularly pleased with the innovation there. In fact they are not pleased at all with the proposed radical changes of affairs in that township.

If the assessor down there attempts to carry out his instructions, which it is understood he will do, the outside land owners will commence legal proceedings to stop the introduction of the George scheme. The single tax theory was introduced in Engelmann by State Senator Peter Seibert, Supervisor L. D. Eidmann, W. B. Engelmann and other farmers of Engelmann township, and they will make a stubborn fight to have their doctrine given a fair test in that township.

TOWN OFFICIALS AS MASKED THUGS.

An Illinois Clerk and Ex-Clerk in Infamous Work.

OLNEY, Ills., April 14.—The house of Joseph Johnson and wife, an aged couple living about six miles northwest of here, was entered by burglars who demanded that they give up their money. Mr. Johnson gave up his pocketbook, containing $1, to the burglars, but the old lady made a stout resistance and succeeded in tearing off the mask from the face of one of the men, who proved to be Andy Gatewood, town clerk of Noble township, and the other was T. T. Miller, ex-town clerk from the same township. Deputy Sheriff Wilson went to Noble and arrested them and brought them to this city, where they were lodged in jail.

To Celebrate Grant's Birthday.

GALENA, Ills., April 16.—At a meeting of the officers of the Grant Birthday association in this city arrangements for the celebration April 27 were perfected, various committees were appointed and other matters arranged for a successful occasion. It was decided that the programme of the day should begin about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour the speaker, Luther Laflin Mills, will arrive with H. H. Kohlsaat and the other Chicago visitors, over the Illinois Central. A public reception will be held in the evening at Turner hall.

Believe Rolla Boyd Was Murdered.

DECATUR, Ills., April 17.—Rolla Boyd was found last week in his barn northeast of Decatur in a dying condition; his head was covered with bruises and the skull crushed in. It was decided that he had been killed by the kick of a horse. Since then there have been ugly rumors of foul play, and Mrs. Rolla Boyd has come to Decatur and sworn out a warrant charging John Creekmur with murdering her husband. Creekmur is a neighbor and was talking with Boyd twenty minutes before he was found dying.

Frye's Army in a State of Dissolution.

VANDALIA, Ills., April 16.—General Frye and his army of commonwealers broke camp here and started on their journey, but in different directions. The men took a vote by company whether or not to follow General Frye. The vote to continue with the general was carried by a very slight majority, the minority then and there declaring they would go no further with him.

Sustained Miss Collins' Appeal.

CAMP POINT, Ills., April 16.—The Schuyler presbytery has by vote of 28 to 4 sustained the appeal of Miss Collins, a wealthy Quincy lady, from the decision of the church council, where she had been tried upon five charges connected with her activity in an endeavor to oust Rev. Dr. Black, pastor of the Quincy Presbyterian church.

Favored Black for Senator.

RUSHVILLE, Ills., April 17.—The Schuyler county Democratic convention was held here. Delegates to the congressional convention were instructed to vote for S. B. Montgomery, of Rushville, for representative. The convention unanimously favored General John C. Black for United States senator.

Young Woman Killed by a Train.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 17.—Miss Florence Thompson, a prominent and highly respected young woman of this city, was run over and killed by a Chicago and Alton passenger train at Third and Canedy streets while crossing the track.

Female City Treasurer Short.

FORT SCOTT, Kan., April 16.—An expert investigation of the books of City Treasurer Mrs. E. R. Pulliam of this city, the only female city treasurer in the state, makes it appear that she is $1,300 short in her accounts. She has been suspended pending further investigation and her bondsmen have taken the matter up. It is not thought she has been dishonest, but that the shortage is due to some one having obtained the money by illegal means.

Yes. Reason for Some Excitement.

RICHMOND, Ky., April 17.—A band of whitecaps went to the home of Alex Johnson, a negro, and called him out. They seized him, took him to a point near the fair grounds and tied him to a tree. His clothes were removed and he was whipped with blacksnake whips until he was raw and almost hideless. He grossly insulted a lady Saturday night. There is some excitement among the negroes over the affair.

A. K. McClure of Philadelphia has recovered from his protracted and dangerous illness and is once more at work as editor of the Philadelphia Times. He has been kept from his desk most unwillingly nearly seven months.

The Gould family expect to dedicate on their father's birthday in May the memorial church which they have been erecting at Roxbury, N. Y.

William Cody cut and probably fatally wounded his cousin Albert Cody, at St. Paul.

Emma Jenkins, aged 20 years, of Clunette, Ind., committed suicide with strychnine because [illegible] had circulated scandalous stories about her.

Frank [illegible], aged 18, of Petterville, Mich., was killed by a train of cars.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

Sir Charles Ross, who is the first married man to row in English university boat races, rowed in one of the crews this year. He was married two years ago.

Radical members of the commons have declared that if Mr. Dalziel's motion against the house of lords is made a question of confidence in the government the radicals will support the government.

The New York Central has completed its block signal system to Buffalo.

Tramps robbed three Chicago and Alton cars at Godfrey, Ills., of boots and shoes and clothing and two suspects were arrested at Carlinville, Ills.

Miss Harriet Adams, a daughter of Judge F. G. Adams of Kansas, has been graduated in surgery from the state Medical college. She took the first prize for the best commencement examination.

Mrs. Hannah Henry of Hartford, Conn., declares that she is 104 years old. She is deaf and blind, and has lost the sense of taste and power of memory. She lives with Mrs. Freeman, her daughter, who is 82 years old.

Sheriff Hutchins and his brother, Charles, a deputy, of Connellsville, O., will be arrested for killing Charles Warner. Warner was shot while resisting arrest.

* * *

At Rugby school, in England, recently, portraits of Arthur Hugh Clough and "Tom" Hughes were unveiled by the bishop of London.

At a convention of coke workers at Scottdale, Pa., in which Americans were conspicuous, it was decided to continue the strike.

In an interview with a Paris newspaper correspondent King Humbert declared absurd the statement that Italy desired war.

A bill giving women the right to vote in school elections was passed by the Ohio senate by a vote of 20 to 6.

Fighting is said to be in progress in Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, and an important naval battle is shortly expected.

Oswald Gebauer, nightwatchman at the stables of E. Godel & Sons, Peoria, Ills., was kicked by a horse and killed.

Kansas Populists have decided to make the freight rate question the issue in the approaching campaign.

Professor J. H. Dickesson, a music teacher at Lebanon, Ind., has been arrested charged with assaulting Miss Sarah Kepner.

* * *

The sight of Ollie Roberts of Sedalia, Mo., aged 12, was ruined by the explosion of a cigarette loaded with powder by another boy.

In the Hungarian diet the leader of the Radical party gave notice of his intention to move a vote of censure against the government for its attitude on the occasion of the obsequies of Kossuth.

Alexander J. Parish, arrested in California for forging a check for $625 in Cincinnati, was brought back to that city.

Congressman Hammond of the Tenth Indiana district declares he is not a candidate for re-election.

An elevator in the Industrial Trust company's building at Providence, R. I., dropped several stories, injuring a number of women.

Delegates from the Michigan colored Masonic grand lodge have selected a site near Monroe for a Masonic home.

Senator Lott Morrill will celebrate his 84th birthday in Washington on the 14th inst., by giving a large reception.

* * *

Alfred Anderson, serving a life term in the Anamosa, Ia., penitentiary for the murder of a farmer near Fort Madison, last fall, escaped. The state offers a reward of $50 for his capture.

John D. Long of Columbus, Ind., has been appointed cadet at the United States Military academy.

Coates Kinney, the well-known newspaper writer and the former editor of the Cincinnati Times, is spending the evening of his life in his beautiful home in Xenia, Ohio.

The trustees of the estate of Lady Somerset, leader of the Woman's Christian Temperance movement in England, have petitioned the courts for an injunction to restrain her from closing all the saloons on her estates.

The five weeks' drought in England, Germany, France, Austria and Penand is causing much uneasiness to farmers in those countries.

Rev. Mr. Neal, a Methodist preacher of Columbus, Ind., sued Presiding Elder Dashiel of Indianapolis, for libel in accusing him of plagiarism.

* * *

The railroad commissioners of Kansas in the Hutchinson case decided to reduce the rate on agricultural implements in carload lots from 33⅓ to 25⅔ cents a hundred.

Dogs raided a flock of seventy-five sheep near Alliance, O., and killed sixty-five of them.

William Albrecht, an old resident of Belleville, Ills., committed suicide by shooting himself.

The council at Boone, Ia., has voted to license saloons under the new mulct law.

Christian Musselman, a wealthy farmer living near Galena, Ills., committed suicide by hanging. His mind had become deranged through ill-health.

The Jacksonville and Southeastern depot at Topeka, Ills., near Havana, was robbed of tickets, some money and a valuable shotgun.

Homer Monroe of Bangor, Mich., was held to the United States court for writing obscene letters to a young lady of Pawpaw.

Life Was a Burden

Because of the intense pains in my stomach and side, and also on account of gall stones. After eating I would be in great distress. I became so reduced in flesh that my friends thought I would not live long. I grew worse and my removal to a hospital in Syracuse was under advisement when my father had me give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. There was an improvement at once and I have continued taking it, until I am now well. I have gained in flesh and can eat

MARY SHUTE

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

heartily. [illegible] I now enjoy life and I owe it all to Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. MARY SHUTE, Cortland, N. Y.

Hood's Pills assist digestion and cure headache. Sold by druggists. 25c.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 21, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and Lasalle-sts—

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betwee Dearborn and Clark—
"An Unequal Match."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—
"Darkest Russia."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—
"A Summer Blizzard."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—
"Gloriana."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, Between Madison and Monroe.—
"The Fast Mail."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock."
—*Thomas Davis.*

WHAT A BOLD, BAD PEOPLE WE IRISH ARE.

The English, even when they pretend to be fair in their criticisms, often give us a vicious "dab." Lately Mr. William Larminie, a litterateur of some note, published a volume of translations of "West Irish Folk Tales and Romances," which has been rather severely reviewed by the London *Spectator*. In reviewing the work the London critic says:

"As there are eighteen legends given in this book, our space prevents a fuller abstract of them; we shall therefore content ourselves by reminding the editor that Sir Walter Scott has given us a very just and practical rule for the guidance of a collector of legends, which indeed he himself followed closely—viz., he should strive to be able to say with truth:

I have song of war for knight,
Lay of love for lady bright,
Fairy tale to lull the heir,
Goblin grim the maids to scare.

"From one of the legends it might be inferred that polygamy, or at least quality of wives, was practiced in Ireland in early times; but this custom seems to have been very rare, and confined, as in Germany, and Scandinavia, to kings and powerful chieftains, and even these prompted by political motives. Mr. Froude has made a very serious mistake in stating that the Irish in the last century were an immoral and licentious people, as no assertion can be more erroneous. He was led to this conclusion by the frequency of the crime of abduction; but further inquiries would have shown him that it was the desire of pecuniary gains, not passion, that led men to this offense, the Irish being money-worshipping and acquisitive, rather than industrious.

"In one of the legends we encounter a tribe hostile to Ireland, called the Bluemen, whom our author conjectures to have been so called from their painting themselves with woad. This supposition is rendered plausible by the tradition that the Wicklow clans of O'Byrne, O'Toole, and Kavanagh (originally named McMurraugh) came from Wales; and certainly the Welsh word 'Bryn,' which we find in 'Bryneich' and in the Latinized form 'Bernicia,' one of the divisions of Northumberland, means a wood, as Kavanagh is said to mean 'strong.' But as in the Scandinavian lays which relate the exploits of the Vikings, the Moorish pirates whom they overthrew in the vicinity of Cadiz are termed Bluemen (most probably from their swarthy complexions), they may have cruised as far as Ireland, for even as late as 1709, gunboats had to be kept stationed off the coasts of Devon and Cornwall to prevent their depredations; but nowadays we are very fond of Moors and Turks. Thomas Davis' spirited ballad, 'The Sack of Baltimore,' is known to most; but the poet has omitted, and we fear intentionally, the important fact that Baltimore was at that date in an English colony, and that therefore the captives carried off into slavery must have been heretic Saxons. If, however, Mr. Larminie be right, and these Bluemen were Britons, we have obtained another argument for 'link-breaking.' From another legend we learn that kings' sons wore stars on their breasts, but we do not understand whether it was on the garment or skin; if the latter, it seems connected with the American totem-worship. Irish monarchs seem to have been rather negligent of dignity and economy when we find one of them going from his palace to the adjacent village to buy a quarter of mutton, and paying a street-boy half a crown for taking it home.

"We cannot compliment Mr. Larminie on the interest and value, any more than on the English rendering of the greater number of his translations. But if he will cultivate better taste in the selection of his legends, and will relate them in plain English, we shall be glad to hear and see more of his work. He should, however, bear in mind that there is no more wit in vulgar Irish *patios* than there is elegance in English drawing-room jargon, compounded as it is of misunderstood scraps of French, American slang, and meaningless exaggeration."

It is news to us that the Irish, as a race, are "money-worshipping and acquisitive, rather than industrious." Indeed most English writers charge them with being careless and extravagant to a fault, but we seem to develop new condemnable features every day we live for English writers. Poor old Ireland!—

We've heard her faults a hundred times,
The new ones and the old.
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes
Increased some fifty fold.

And so it goes. One day we're spendthrifts. Another day we're niggards and money-hoarders, and we run away with men's wives and daughters, aunts and sisters, cousins and nieces for love of gold! Holy Moses, what are we coming to next, Mr. Critical Saxon? Was it for this James Orr, the Presbyterian patriot of '98, wrote

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But principle is still his guide;
None more regrets a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride!
He may be duped, but won't be dared—
More fit to practice than to plan—
He dearly earns his poor reward
And spends it—like an Irishman?

We admit that Ireland's seventeenth and eighteenth century history is more or less disfigured by chronicles of abduction, for purposes of gain, but the English garrison showed the way, as a reference to the pages of W. J. Fitzpatrick, and other writers who dealt with those periods, will show. But such crimes were not confined to Ireland. In any case marriage always followed abduction, where Catholics were concerned, and, as in the case of Hugh O'Neill and Mabel Bagenal, the ladies sometimes wanted to be abducted, particularly when they were English ladies residing in Ireland. It was the only chance the latter had in those days of marrying a decent man.

By the way, one of the most brutal attempts at abduction ever made in Ireland was that of John Carden, of Templemore, county Tipperary—a Cromwellian by descent and a Protestant in belief—who sought to carry off Miss Arbuthnot, an heiress, while returning from church with her sister. Carden did not strike her fancy, and she successfully resisted his over-forceful gallantly. Subsequently he was convicted of the attempt and served a term in the penitentiary. As regards Baltimore, county Cork, THE CITIZEN takes leave to say that, at the period of the Algerine raid (about the middle of the seventeenth century) the "Saxon" colony was pretty well worked out of the district. Davis was not likely to make a mistake about a district with which he was so well acquainted. He was a Corkman by birth.

SURNAMES OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.

Assistant Registrar General (British) Matheson D. L., has published an interesting book on "Varieties and Synonyms of Surnames and Christian Names in Ireland," which is creating widespread interest. Among other features of the work, the numerical importance of Irish surnames is given as follows:

"The Murphies," says the *Independent*, "top the poll with the figure of 62,500. The Kellys come next with 55,900; the Sullivans, 43,600; the Walshes 41,700; and then comes the English name Smith, which counts 33,700. The majority of these are undoubtedly Irish. Then come the O'Briens, 33,400; the Byrnes are a hundred fewer; the Ryans are 32,000; the Connors, or O'Connors, 31,200; the O'Neills and Reillys are nearly equal, 29,000; the Doyles are 23,000; the Macarthys over 22,000; the Gallaghers, 21,800; the Dohertys a thousand less; the Kennedys within a hundred of 20,000. Then come the Murrays, the Quins, the Moores, the MacLaughlins, the Carrolls, the Connollys, the Dalys, the Connells. The two last are equal in number, 17,000. Going down through the whole list it will be found that the vast majority bear Irish names. Mr. Matheson furnishes other tables which show the counties in which the names are chiefly to be found, but we could almost wish that the information was fuller, and that it was possible for him to have gone more into detail. But he has proved, notwithstanding all the changes which our country has experienced through the fortunes of war, that the men who bear the names of the old Irish clans and septs are still a formidable majority. They leave the imported names far behind. He also shows that the descendants of many of the ancient families are still domiciled in the same tracts as their forefathers—as the Macabes in Monaghan and Cavan, and the Macarthys in the territory that was called Desmond. Half of these are to be found in the county of Cork. The MacDermots were hereditary marshals of Connacht, and in that province they are still principally found, and half of those bearing the name belong to the county Roscommon. The MacMahons formerly possessed the greater part of the baronies of Moyarta and Clonderlaw, in the county of Clare, and the predominant name in that county today is MacMahon. The Byrnes, descendants of the ancient chieftains of Wicklow, outnumber all other names in that county, and Mr. Matheson goes on with the other Irish names, and proves conclusively his statement, that the bearers of them are still to be found in those parts of Ireland which were occupied by their forerunners centuries before the Anglo-Norman invasion. He deals also with the Danish, the Anglo-Norman, the English, the Cornish, the Welsh, the Scottish and the Huguenot names, and gives similar interesting particulars with regard to them. One of the most interesting passages of the report is that concerning the German Palatine names and the Palatine colony, which was founded here in the beginning of the last century."

A PUZZLED ENGLISH VISITOR.

The English are "smart" in their own way, but they cannot quite make out our "Yankee" methods of doing business and running politics. We appear a contradictory people to them. Recently Mr. Herbert Bright, a near relative of the late John Bright and a gentleman largely interested in cotton and carpet mills in England, visited Washington, D.C., and was interviewed, according to custom. In the course of his observations Mr. Bright said:

"The manufacturing industries of England are in a bad way. Since the passage of the McKinley bill, we have lost a great deal of the trade of the United States, and of late there has been a heavy falling off of orders from India and China. But we do not close down our mills in England as is done in the United States, preferring to run at a small loss rather than cease work altogether. There are men in my employ whose fathers and grandfathers worked for the firm, and I could not bear to see them thrown out of employment. We have been buoyed up in England by the hope of the passage of the Wilson bill. Since my arrival in the country, only ten days ago, I have heard that the chances of enacting a tariff law on the lines of the Wilson bill seem very gloomy. That is something that is very puzzling to an Englishman. We heard across the Atlantic that the bad times in the United States during 1893 were due to the McKinley act, and that we were quite ready to believe. Now we are astounded to learn that the bad times are due to the fear of the repeal of the same act."

Well, Mr. Bright can only live and learn. This is a queer country, Mr. Bright—a mighty queer country. It is the only country on record that deliberately swapped horses in crossing a stream, in the Fall of 1892, by electing Cleveland vice Harrison, and changing overflowing prosperity into stringent adversity. We really, as a nation, deserve no sympathy in our misfortunes. They are all of our own manufacture, and they are the only home products we have effectively protected of late. But the change is coming. The rumblings of the storm are already heard in the distance, and Dave Hill, who hopes to be the Moses of Democratism, has buried his dagger, until it rings again, deep under Cleveland's ribs. But 'tis all in vain, David. America will elect a Protection president in 1896, but his name won't be Hill.

THE ENGLISH-IRISH ON HOME RULE.

Among the important "signs of the times" in Great Britain and Ireland may be mentioned the recent manifesto issued by the National League of Great Britain, which has been spread broadcast throughout both countries. As of old, the Irishmen living in England, who best know the English character, are bolder in their ideas and policy than those who live at home. They are tired of Whigs and Whiggery and have no hesitation in expressing their very justifiable disgust. They estimate Lord Rosebery at his exact worth, and their righteous indignation was a potent factor in compelling that aristocratic trickster and trimmer to "explain" his inexplicable speech in the house of lords, after Gladstone's retirement, in which he (Rosebery) said that Ireland could not hope for home rule until a majority in England was converted to the idea. After reviewing England's felonious conduct toward Ireland in the past, the manifesto proceeds to say:

"In 1886 the majority of the Liberal party were converted to home rule. Why? Because a great Irish Leader commanded a formidable Irish party. That great Irish leader is gone, and there is no formidable Irish party now. The English prime minister can afford to dally and defy. Ireland no longer blocks the way. The 'predominant partner' is master of the situation. Let it never be forgotten that Ireland owes this change of front to the men who betrayed Parnell. The practical question now is can these men be trusted to convert England.

"England has never yet yielded to an Irish party which was not self-respecting and defiant. Witness 1782, 1829, 1867, 1881. What is the Irish Parliamentary party today? Are the men of the Leinster Hall and Committee Room 15, the men who swore to uphold Parnell in the crisis of his fate, and who in twenty-four hours fled from him panic-stricken at the Pharasaical howling of a turbulent British parson—are these men self-respecting and defiant? Are they the legitimate successors of Grattan and of Tone, of O'Connell and of Davis, of Stephens and of Parnell?

"Fellow-countrymen, give these traitors no quarter. Drive them from public life as they drove Parnell to the grave. Face the situation boldly. Do not depend on trucklers and cowards. Fall back on the old lines. Rally to the old call. Stand firm and stand alone. Form organizations throughout Britain based on the principles of self-reliance and no surrender. Demand assurances from the minister. Insist on a definition of home rule. Let there be no dust-throwing, no lying, no nonsense, no approaches to the Unionist party, no attempt to retreat in the direction of mere local government. Stand out for an Irish parliament and an Irish executive—an Irish house of commons possessing all the attributes of the English house of commons, and an Irish second chamber revising the deliberations but not over-riding the decisions of the popular assembly."

THE CITIZEN does not approve the harsh term "traitors" applied by the manifesto to the McCarthyites. It shows, however, that their countrymen in England utterly condemn their policy, and this is entirely just. It is shameful to see a formidable body of Irish members of parliament, who ought to be independent in sentiment and action, playing second fiddle to the party which Daniel O'Connell, who was also in the end their victim, dubbed "the base, brutal and bloody Whigs." Never was a term more fittingly applied. The Tories, with all their faults, are mostly gentlemen. The Whigs, with all their "liberality," are mostly political hucksters. The Tories kill, but rarely cheat. The Whigs both kill and cheat.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN ENGLAND.

It cannot be possible that such an intellectual and intelligent Pope as the present occupant of the See of Peter should be ignorant of the fact that there is a bitter intolerance existing against the church of Rome in England. The British constitution is a decidedly anti-Catholic document. It provides that on no account whatsoever shall a "Papist" be king of England, or be heir to the English throne. If a Catholic king was raised to that dignity tomorrow, the day after he would be hurled ignominiously from it at the point of British bigoted bayonets. No "Papist" can, moreover, be lord chancellor or Irish lord lieutenant of Ireland. And yet Pope Leo deputes the archbishop of Florence, where Mrs. Wettin is staying at present, "to thank, on his part, Queen Victoria for the *full liberty* accorded to the Catholics in Great Britain!" The Pope, it seems, frequently says that he desires no better or more liberal condition for Catholics to live in than that of England! In the face of the fact that the British constitution will admit of no Catholic king or queen, and debars Catholics from the English lord chancellorship and the Irish lord lieutenancy, it is scandalously false to assume that full liberty is accorded Her Majesty's Catholic subjects in Britain or Ireland.

AT a meeting of delegates from all parts of Ireland, held in Dublin, to consider the Amnesty question, the following resolution was proposed by Mr. Pierce Mahony and unanimously adopted: "That we, the representatives of Amnesty associations in Dublin, Limerick, Cork, Waterford, London, Birmingham and Liverpool, in consultation, call upon our fellow-countrymen in Great Britain to raise the question of Amnesty in British constituencies, and to refuse their support to candidates who will not give satisfactory pledges on this question."

AT the great National convention held in Dublin on April 3, convened by the Independent party for the purpose of determining, under the altered circumstances, created by the resignation of Mr. Gladstone and the entrance into power of Lord Rosebery, the course to be pursued by the Independents, the following resolution was passed: "Having regard to the attitude of the Liberal party on the question of home rule, and the situation created by the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, which leaves the present prime minister and his cabinet wholly unpledged either as to the date or the character of their future home rule proposals, the absolute refusal of the ministry to give any consideration to the demand of Ireland on behalf of the political prisoners, and the manifest endeavor to exploit the miseries and sufferings of the evicted tenants of Ireland for the purpose of carrying their British measures through parliament by aid of the Irish vote, we, the Independent Nationalists of Ireland, assembled in convention, hereby declare that the present government has forfeited all claim to the confidence of Irish Nationalists, and we deem it to be the duty of those who represent Irish National sentiment in parliament to strive for an early dissolution of parliament, so that the question of home rule for Ireland may be again presented to the constituencies of these kingdoms.

A BILL has been introduced by Representative Dunphy, of New York, fixing the rates of pay of letter-carriers in cities of more than 75,000 people at: For the first year of service, $600; second year, $800; third year, $1,000, and fourth year and thereafter, $1,200. In cities of less than 75,000 people the pay is to be: First year, $600; second year, $800, and the third year and thereafter, $1,000.

IN the United States Senate on Tuesday last Senator Lodge offered a proposed amendment to the pending tariff bill, for the imposition of retaliatory rates of duty against Great Britain, providing that when not in contravention of existing treaty any article not admitted free if it is the manufacture of Great Britain or any of its colonies, should pay double the duty heretofore imposed, and if admitted free a duty of 35 per cent be imposed, except on wool, which should be admitted under the duties of the act of 1890; and that these retaliatory and discriminating duties should remain in force until Great Britain consented to take part in an agreement with the United States for the coinage and use of silver, and when such an agreement was made the discriminating duties should cease.

DR. J. B. MURPHY, of this city, has been elected honorary president for the United States by the International Medical Congress at Rome. Speaking of the action of the Congress the *Evening Post* says: "The International Medical Congress has honored not only Dr. Murphy but Chicago as well. He is a type of the aggressive, not to say revolutionary, young men whom the West is giving to science. Not lacking in the fundamental learning of his profession, he has been exceptionally bold in venturing beyond the traditions and extremely successful in the results of his experiments. He has the true spirit of the investigator. At the age of 36 he seems to have a future of great eminence before him."

COMMENTING on the results and incidents of the National convention held in Dublin on the 3d inst., the *Irish Weekly Independent* says: "One of the most notable and gratifying of the incidents of the great convention was the significant and enthusiastic applause elicited by every mention of Parnell's name. It was proof that the heart of Ireland is still true to his matchless policy, and that as the years roll on the Irish people more deeply realize the irreparable loss they have sustained in the withdrawal of this great figure from their public life. It was proof, if proof were needed, that the policy of West Britonism has not progressed. It was proof that all who are manly among us are not ungrateful. It was proof that not even centuries of tyranny could quench the spirit that has arisen in the land—the spirit which Parnell himself said could never die. As we stood in the thronging crowds that filled the Rotunda and marked the enthusiasm of that vast assemblage, we felt more than we had ever felt before the conviction of the invincibility of our cause. We seemed to see again the tall, thin figure of the man who led us from the gloom of despondency into the dawn of the coming day; of the leader who stood on an eminence above all men, greater than all, stronger than all; over whose strong form the storm of hate and tyranny passed unheeded. This is the Parnell that they say is dead! Dead! while a nation honors him thus? Dead! the man whose name is sacred to us, whose deathless spirit is a living, breathing factor in our daily life—the fire of our hearts and the strength of our hands, a high and resistless force that urges us on to conflict and victory!"

THE bill repealing the Coercion act, proposed by John P. Nolan, Parnellite member of parliament for North Galway, and seconded by William Redmond, member for East Clare, on the 18th inst., passed its second reading by a vote of 254 to 195.

THE average number of daily murders in London is ten, and the suicides seven. Coroner's juries absurdly attribute death in the latter cases to temporary insanity. That's a very convenient plea for the dead who died by their own hand; but many of them are as sane as the average mentally sound man. They decide that it is better to "shuffle oneself off this mortal coil" rather than suffer the pangs of starvation. Though THE CITIZEN, of course, has no sympathy with the methods employed, it can understand, nevertheless, how a desperate man, with the full use of his reason, can deliberately proceed to his own self-destruction.

THE Dublin *Independent* gives the following sketch of Miss Elizabeth Casey, the Irish authoress, whose tragic death occurred on the 5th inst., at her mother's pretty little jessamine flowered cottage, Sally park, in the Green Lanes, near Donnycarney, where she was burned to death in her bed through the accidental upsetting of a paraffine lamp: "In the quaint little churchyard of Drumcondra were laid to rest the remains of a literary lady who was a credit to her country. She was Miss Elizabeth Casey, whose writings were familiar to the whole world under the pseudonym of 'E. Owens Blackburne.' Her career was most romantic, and her end extremely tragic. She was the poet of a broken heart, and without mawkishness could most delicately and exquisitely write of domestic sorrow as few others could. Born in Slane, county Meath, in May, 1845, Miss Casey early displayed great literary promise, the major portion of her education was conducted in a private school in Dublin. From this, at the age of 16, she obtained first place in English literature in the Dublin University examinations. After this she wrote several three-volume novels and other works which must be familiar to most of our readers. Perhaps that entitled 'Illustrious Irishwomen' attracted most notice. Apart from her literary pursuits, Miss Casey was a most ardent advocate of Irish national autonomy for independent individuality, and took a most active part in the work of the Land League, continuously contributing stirring articles to *United Ireland*. She was a valued writer in the now defunct *Irish Fireside*, and also had several serials going through various journals in the United Kingdom. She was in close touch with all the great *litterateurs* of the day, both in America and at home, and could write or speak in several languages on any subject."

HOW ISAAC BUTT BECAME A HOME RULER.

Isaac Butt, the founder of the Home Rule movement, says an exchange, was at one time a Tory. He had been O'Connell's leading opponent in the famous debate on repeal in the Dublin Corporation in 1843. O'Connell foretold that he would yet be found on the National side. Butt defended nearly all the "'48" men, and twenty years after he defended almost every Fenian prisoner. He has given us himself the train of events which converted him from a rabid Tory to an Irish Nationalist. Here are his own words to the Home Rule convention of 1873: "Mr. Gladstone said that Fenianism taught him the intensity of Irish disaffection. It taught me more and better things. It taught me the depth, the breadth, the sincerity of that love of fatherland that misgovernment had tortured into disaffection, and misgovernment, driving men to despair, had exaggerated into revolt. State trials were not new to me. Twenty years before I stood near Smith O'Brien when he braved the sentence of death which the law pronounced upon him. I saw Meagher meet the same, and I then asked myself this: 'Surely, the State is out of joint; surely all our social system is unhinged, when O'Brien and Meagher are condemned by their country to a traitor's doom?'

Years had passed away, and once more I stood by men who had dared this desperate enterprise of freeing their country by revolt. They were men who were run down by obloquy—they had been branded as the enemies of religion and social order. I saw them manfully bear up against all. I saw the unflinching firmness to their cause by which they testified the sincerity of their faith in that cause—their deep conviction of its righteousness and truth. I saw them meet their fate with a manly fanaticism that made them martyrs. I heard their words of devotion to their country, as with firm step and unyielding hearts they left the dock, and went down the dark passage that led them to the place where all hope closed upon them, and I asked myself again: 'Is there no way to arrest this? Are our best and bravest spirits ever to be carried away under this system of constantly resisted oppression and constantly defeated revolt? Can we find no means by which the national quarrel which has led to all these terrible results may be set right?' I believe in my conscience we have found it. I believe that England has now the opportunity of adjusting the quarrel of centuries. Let me say it—I do so proudly—that I was one of those who did something in this cause. Over a torn and distracted country—a country agitated by dissension, weakened by distrust—we raised the banner on which we emblazoned the magic words, 'Home Rule.' We raised it with feeble hand. Tremblingly, with hesitation, almost stealthily, we unfurled that banner to the breeze. But wherever the legend we had emblazoned on its folds was seen the heart of the people moved to its words, and the soul of the nation felt their power and their spell. Those words were passed from man to man along the valley and the hillside. Everywhere men, even those who had been despairing, turned to that banner with confidence and hope. Thus far we have borne it. It is for you now to bear it on with more energy, with more strength, and renewed vigor. We hand it over to you in this gathering of the nation. But, oh! let no unholy hands approach it. Let no one come to the help of our country,

Or dare to lay his hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause,

who is not prepared never, never to desert that banner till it flies proudly over the portals of that 'Old House at Home'—that old house which is associated with memories of great Irishmen, and has been the scene of many great triumphs. Even while the blaze of those glories is at this moment throwing the splendor over the memory of us all, I believe in my soul that the parliament of regenerated Ireland will achieve triumphs more glorious, more lasting, sanctified and holy, than any by which her old parliament illumined the annals of our country and our race."

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

For The Citizen.

BEN KING.

I am thinking of you, Ben,
  And the songs you used to sing,
And the flood of soulful music
  That your fingers put to wing;
And I'm wond'ring, in the twilight,
  If your heart is merry now,
For if laughter is in heaven
  You will capture it, somehow:

At a rickety piano,
  In a corner, if you will,
Or a-sitting with the angels
  On some cloud-framed windowsill—
O but wont they shake with laughter
  When you fill the heavenly air,
With your "Mimic of 'The Plaisance' "
  That was Midway at the Fair.

'Twill be gala day in heaven,
  When the angels hear you sing
As you used upon this musty
  Globe, called earth, Ben King.

O I think I see you plucking
  Pinions from some angel's wing
And whittling out a quill pen
  To write a poem, King.
And I'm list'ning to you reading it
  Off to 'em, up there,
When they're seeming kind o' perious
  Living on the heavenly air.

And I'm laughing, seeking comfort.
  At picture's that I've made
Of the angels sitting 'round you
  In some green embowered shade;
And I think I sniff the posies
  They have wove into a crown
"For the jolliest poet-angel
  That the heavens have yet known:"
And I'm mourning, in the twilight,
  In the shadow of my room
That the best old earth can give you
  Is just the cold, dark tomb;
But 'twill truly be less gloomy
  When we lay you there within,
For if comfort is in death, Ben,
  You will surely win.

As the ink flows down my pen, boy,
  The tears flow down my cheeks
But I'll turn my eyes skyward,
  And count all the starry specks;
And the one that twinkles brightest
  And winks with its nether eye
I will point out as a symbol
  To your memory:
For sparkling was the music
  When you made the welkin ring
And a merry-hearted poet
  You were, Ben King.

M. B.

CHICAGO, April 7, 1894.

IRISH NEWS.

On Saturday night, March 24, Prof. Arnold, organist of Enniskillen Episcopal church, dropped dead at his practice. The Professor attended on Saturday night for the purpose of practicing the children, who were for their first communion the following morning.

At the South Presentation Convent, Cork, on March 19, three young novices made their solemn vows, and were professed nuns of the Presentation order. The bishop of Cork, Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, officiated. The music proper to the ceremony was exquisitely rendered. About thirty priests, including several from the archdiocese, were present in the sanctuary. The newly professed are Miss Fennelly, Ballingarry, county Tipperary, in religion, Sister M. Columbia; Miss O'Malley, Murroe, county Limerick, in religion, Sister M. Agnes; and Miss Dacus, county Galway, in religion, Sister M. Alphonsus.

The Rev. Maurice Keating, C. C., Tallow, and late administrator of St. John's, has been appointed parish priest at Dunhill, as successor to the late Father John Dowley. We feel confident that Father Keating's appointment will be received with much pleasure by the residents of Waterford, particularly those of St. John's parish, who were acquainted with him during his stay in the city. The Rev. William Nagle, C.C., Waterford, has been appointed curate at Newcastle.—*Waterford Citizen.*

Mr. Wm. Kieran, Claubrassil street, Dundalk, had his leg broken and was otherwise injured by being thrown from his horse on March 28.

The touching and interesting ceremony of conferring the white veil on two young ladies was performed in the chapel attached to the Convent of Mercy, of the Imaculate Conception, Ardee, by the Right Rev. Monsignor Murphy, P. P., V. G., St. Peter's, Drogheda, assisted by Rev. P. Segrave, P. P., Kilcurry. The young ladies who had the happiness of being received were Miss O'Malley, of Castlebar, in religion, Sister M. Magdalen; and Miss Annie O'Doherty, in religion, Sister M. Berchmans, daughter of the late M. O'Doherty, Enniskillen. A beautiful and most appropriate sermon was preached on the occasion by Rev. Patrick Callan, P. P., Emyvale.

On Sunday the 25th ult., a young man named James Condon, died suddenly at Fermoyle, near Banteer. The young fellow had unfortunately been a sufferer from epilepsy, and on returning from mass at Banteer he was seized with a fit in which he expired.

A meeting was held in Tenure, near Dunleer, on Sunday, March 25, for the purpose of reviving the Gaelic Athletic Association in that locality. The meeting which was called at the instance of the central council, was very largely attended, and the proceedings were of a most harmonious character. Mr. P. Tobin, secretary central executive, attended, and was unanimously requested to take the chair, and in the course of a lengthened address said he was glad to have the opportunity of conferring with them upon the question of reviving the Gaelic Athletic Association in that county, where in years gone by they had such excellent types of athletic prowess as the Young Irelands of Dundalk, the Newtown Blues and the Drogheda Davitts. These were teams that won their way into the first rank of the association. The re-establishment of the Gaelic Athletic Association should be looked upon as a national necessity. In conclusion, he would say that he hoped no party spirit would enter into their transactions. Mr. A. J. Palmer proposed, and Mr. James Dolan, Dunleer, seconded the following, which was passed unanimously: That this meeting pledges itself to support the central council in its efforts to revive the Gaelic Athletic Association and every form of national spirit in this county.

Mr. Michael O'Brien, a respectable egg merchant, who resided at Ballymacoole, fell from his car on Monday night, March 26, when returning home, and received such severe injuries that he succumbed on Tuesday at noon. Deceased, who was about 35 years of age, leaves a wife and six children to mourn his loss.

The Garrick correspondent of the *Munster Express* announces the death of Mrs. A. M. Quirke, widow of the late Michael Quirke, corn merchant, The Green, which occurred on Thursday, March 22, after a painful and lengthy illness. The deceased lady, who was highly respected, had reached the age of 70 years. The funeral took place on Saturday, when her remains were conveyed to their last resting place at Faheen. The chief mourners were Messrs. P. and A. Quirke, J. F. Quirk, solicitor, and M. Quirke, P. L. G., sons; also W. Duggan, J. F. O'Neill and M. Boland, Clonmel; T. Butler, Carrickbeg; P. Lawlor, P. Shanahan, T. Cleary, T. Flynn and D. K. Cummins, National Bank; W. Quirke, P. L. G.; P. Walsh, J. P., Fanningstown, and others.

On Saturday, the 31st ult., an accidental revolver shooting took place in Kilkenny, which happily had not a fatal termination. Some children of Mr. O'Meara's (a publican in High street) were rummaging an old box belonging to a relative, who happens to be a police pensioner at present sick in hospital. They found a revolver and one of the boys tried to fire it off, but failed in doing so. When he laid the revolver down it accidentially went off, and a bullet entered into the hip of a younger boy. Medical aid was at once summoned, and the bullet was extracted by Dr. MacSweeney and Dr. Brosnan. Mr. O'Meara reported the matter to the police, who regard the occurrence as an accident. The oldest boy was formally arrested and allowed out on bail. The revolver lay in this box for upward of twenty years loaded, the owner having been made a present of it by a friend. The injured boy is progressing favorably since the bullet was extracted.

The final tie of the Leinster cup was played at Lansdowne road, Dublin, on Saturday, March 24, between Dublin University and Wanderers. The University had beaten Bective Rangers in the first round of the competition, and in the second, after a drawn game with Lansdowne on Saturday last the match was replayed on Thursday when Lansdowne was also defeated. Wanderers had barely managed to defeat Monkstown, about the weakest of the Dublin teams, and it was expected that they were in for a good beating at the hands of the University. Such did not prove to be the case, however, for after the allotted period had expired without either side scoring, it was decided to play an extra half hour with the result that Johnston kicked two goals for Wanderers (one off a heeled free and another off a penalty free.) Wanderers thus won by five points, but it should be said that the scores were obtained after L. H. Gwynn, the University and International three-quarter, had retired hurt, suffering from slight concussion of the brain.

The death is announced of Mr. William Carroll, Castlecomer. The deceased was only in his 42d year and has left a family of eleven children and a wife to mourn his loss.

Mr. Charles Howley, T. C., Bridge street, Ballina, died recently. The deceased was an universal favorite, and his wife and family have the sincere sympathy of the public in their sad bereavement. The funeral took place on Sunday following his demise at 2 p. m. to Kilmore.

The death is announced of Mr. Patrick Dempsey, Carnedan cottage, Killasser, son of Mr. Michael Dempsey, C.C., Banada abbey, at the early age of 33 years. The funeral, an exceedingly large one, was attended by a great number of the local clergy and laity from the neighboring parishes. The deceased was a very popular and highly respected young man, and the esteem in which he was held can be understood when we mention that twenty young men of the parish, his old companions formed a procession and insisted on bearing the remains by turns on their shoulders to the family burying-place at Killasser, some three miles distant.

On Saturday evening, March 31, a sad boating fatality, resulting in the loss of two lives, took place off Ballintoy, a short distance from Ballycastle. Three brothers named McLoughlin and Robert Hutchinson were engaged most of the week near Ballycastle gathering fossil specimens. They left in their boat for home accompanied by Robert McFall. When off Ballintoy they met a heavy broken sea, which capsized the boat. James McLoughlin and McFall were drowned. The others were rescued by the coastguards.

Michael Moloney fell from the roof of a two-story house owned by Mr. Regan in Peter street, Westport, April 4. The roof lader on which he was walking gave way and he was precipitated to the ground with such force that the base of his skull was broken and a shoulder dislocated. He never recovered consciousness, and died on the following day.

On the night of April 6, a sad incident occurred at the National Teachers' ball, at the Elite Skating Rink, Earlsfort terrace, Dublin, when a lady named Sarah Sweeney suddenly fell dead. The ball was got up in connection with the National Teachers' congress, and upward of two hundred ladies and gentlemen, comprising for the most part teachers and their friends, attended it. Toward twelve o'clock almost everybody who could find space on the floor was waltzing, Miss Sweeney among the number. When the dance was in full swing, she suddenly fell to the floor dead. It was a spectacle strange in the highest degree—the young lady stretched dead on the floor amid all the gay surrounding of the ball room. Miss Sweeney was herself a teacher, and lived in Snuwborough House, Rathfarnham. She went to the reunion with her brother-in-law, Mr. T. Heggarty, B. A. When the feeling of consternation subsided all the ladies and gentlemen present formed themselves into a meeting, and a vote of condolence with Mr. Heggarty, proposed by Mr. Holland, and seconded by Mr. Donnellan, was passed in silence.

The *Munster Express* says of the Dublin *Daily Independent*: "Those who invest in *Independent* shares have no financial risks to run; the papers are established on a sound, substantial basis. On this account we predict a hearty and cheerful response to the appeal made by Mr. John E. Redmond to still further strengthen the hands of the company by taking up more shares. Moreover the purchasers will now have the consolation of knowing that while serving their country they are helping themselves, for so far as this company is concerned political honor and honesty go hand in hand with financial prosperity. We, therefore, prophesy a successful outcome from Mr. Redmond's appeal."

The death is announced of the Rev. Father Peter J. McPhilpin, one of the most amiable and estimable priests in the diocese of Tuam. He was a nephew of the Very Rev. Canon U. J. Bourke, P.P., the well known Irish scholar, and a true and good priest. Father McPhilpin, like his uncle, was for considerable time a professor in St. Jarlath's College, of which Father Bourke was president; and to both of their memories much is due as zealous and capable workers in the cause of education in that excellent and venerable seat of education. He died at the residence of his brother, Mr. John McPhilpin, proprietor of the Tuam *News*, after a very short illness. He had many warm friends in the Cathedral town, where he spent his collegiate days. His remains were taken to Castlebar, his native town, for interment.

The following extraordinary incident occurred in connection with the hunt of the Templemore Harriers, says the Cork *Herald*: The meet was at Bachelor's Hill, and the hounds were in full cry over a splendid country three miles from Thurles, when the deer wheeled into the demesne of Lieut-Col. Fitzgibbon Trant, a gentleman well known in Dublin, and, approaching the house at top speed, took the window at a jump and dashed through the heavy plate-glass pane of the lower frame. Although the stag was of good size, he made a hole in the glass little more than the breadth of his antlers. He had to rise five feet from the ground to get through, and when inside the richly carpeted dining room he roamed about, in search apparently not of the means of escape, but of a hiding place. He escaped without a scratch, and beyond alarming the house and destroying the glass, no damage was done.

The Independent guardians of Carrick-on-Suir have again elected one of their number to the chair. The annual election for honorary officers took place on Saturday, March 31, and though Mr. McGrath's election for the chair was contested, he, as well as his two colleagues in the vice and deputy-vice chairs, Messrs. W. Walsh and P. J. Cleary, were triumphantly elected.

Mrs. Gormley, the woman recently committed on suspicion of having poisoned her husband, a fowl dealer, residing in Sixmilecross, county Tyrone, has been discharged from custody by Mr. J. G. R. Porter, J.P. The analyst reported no trace of poison to be found in the organs of deceased.

SGEULTA FIANNAIGHEACHTA.

Eachtradh Lomnochtainn Sleibhe Riff.

Ann so sios, mar leanas.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Do bhiodar dá chú an ochdair curradh ag nuaillghleama ann a bh-fiadhnuise agus do bhiodar dá chú Fhinn Mhic Cúmhail ag Conán 'san loing: oir fá h-ionamh le Fionn Conán, agus do bheireadh iasacht a chon agus a gbadhar dó.

Dála Chonáin dóisios as a chodhla uim tráthnóna do'n ló, agus do chonnarc a cháirde agus a chompánuidhe do a easbhadh, agus éirghios as an loing go prap priomhuriamh, agus do chibh an dún uaidh agus do ghluais fá n-a thuairim, óir do mheas gurab ann do chuaidh an chuid eile dá mhuintir. Agus air theacht go dorus an dána, do labhair Diarmuid do ghuth lag mheirbh, agus is é dúbhairt:

"A Chonáin, ná tar nios sia 'na sin d'ár n-ionnsaidhe, óir is dún millte, mailuighthe é, agus atámuidne ag sgaradh leat féin agus le Fiannaibh Eirionn go bráth, agus gurab é do dheanfaidh tusa, imtheacht le luas do chos, agus ná fan le combrac na Péiste atá ann so, óir ni d'arna arm no faobhar air, agus beir ár sgeula leat go h-Eirinn."

Air n-a chlos sin do Chonán, do leig nuaillghártha móra ós árd as, agus is é do rinne sith sanntach sárluath do bhreith air an b-Péiste diabhluidhe sin, agus do shil a mhúchadh agus a thachtadh. Agus is amhlaidh do bhi an Fhiast, gidh gur chaol a chos agus a mhuineul, agus gidh gur throm a cheann agus a spág, budh dhuinseamhuil, treinneartmhar, toll-bhorb é, óir an tan do bheireadh Conán béim coilg no saighid sleighe air, is amhlaidh d'éireochadh do bhinn carraige no mór-dhollain cloiche.

Achd cheana, gabhas an Fhiast Conán air chaol a mheádhain agus treasgaras go lár agus go lán-talamh é. Agus do leig osna eag-chomhlán as, ag dul go lár dá. Agus do léigeadar an t-ochtar curradh sin eile uaill-ghártha móra os árd air n-a feicsin sin dóibh.

Dála con Mhic Cúmhail, .i. Bran buadhach bith-uasail, air fheicsint Conáin 'san mhoreigion sin, beirios sith sanntach sar-lúthmhar chum na Péiste, agus beirios air chluais dheas air, gur leadar agus gur lánchogain i go cnámh, agus ó chnámh go smúsach agus go h-inchlan; ionnas go m-ba éigin do'n Fhiast sgaramhuin le Conán agus lompoghadh air an g-coin d'á diothchuir, óir is amhlaidh do bhi Lomnochtainn, ni raibh órlach 'na chorp air a n-deargfadh duine no beathadhach air, no loifhaobhar, acht an t-aon bhall amhain sin. Agus do bhi do mheud na buadh do bhi aig Bran seach gach éd eile: óir ni raibh a bh-Fiannuigheacht dis ba lia buadh agus ba fearr no Bran agus Conán gidh nior bh'fheasach iad féin air.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 *Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

For The Citizen.

ADDRESS TO IRISHMEN.

BY J. S. CANTWELL.

Offspring of Erin, who revere
  Your motherland alway,
Meet as the sons of one great sire
  Upon your patron's day.
Tho' seas and mountains separate
  The places ye abide,
Nor distance far nor discord's bar
  Your hearts and souls divide!

That men may say, on Patrick's Day
  That underneath the sun,
The hearts of all the Irish race,
  Do truly throb as one.
And be he bred on the old homestead
  By Shannon, Boyne or Bann,
To whatso race his line he trace,
  Each is an Irishman.

An Irishman in will and deed
  And not alone in name,
Whose chiefest heed is his country's need,
  Whose pride is his country's fame.
Children of one fair motherland
  Do ye not count it shame
To ever play against yourselves
  The crafty stranger's game?

From your poor land's sad history,
  The dear bought lesson know,
In union leal is only weal,
  In discord only woe.
The valor and wit and loyalty
  In other lands you've shown,
Combined at length in matchless strength
  Exert now for your own.

And weary not or rest content
  A man of Irish birth,
Till Ireland takes her place among
  The nations of the earth:
And her gallant banner, floating free,
  From mast and spire is seen—
The Orange bright, the stainless White,
  And the deathless emerald Green!

On—toil or fight with main and might
  As each the best he may,
To hasten on the coming dawn
  Of Independence Day.
Consider not the time nor who,
  Heaven's instrument may be
To lead your sore-tried nation forth,
  From its captivity.

Let each one dare his utmost share
  For his dear country's sake,
The Eternal Power in His own hour,
  Her galling bonds will break.
Mayhap when midst war's gleam and crash
  A host yield up their souls,
And the red tide of victory,
  Against stark Albion rolls.

Ay, when down-darting eager Death
  Makes war-tried soldiers quail,
And ruin keen as the levin bolt
  Rives helpless warships' mail;
If not forsooth when o'er the glo
  Triumphant Reason reigns,
And universal peace at length
  A bloodless conquest gains.

When to crowned fool or titled tool
  No people bend the knee,
And class and mass are leveled
  In true equality;
When long unhonored Truth and Right
  Abolish guile and greed,
And no man clutches ponderous wealth
  Nor any is in need;

When in no land or heart or hand
  Is either bought or sold,
And men within their souls prefer
  Another God to gold,
And casting from their works and lives
  Outworn hypocrisy,
All self-styled Christians follow Christ,
  Then Ireland will be free!

HYMENEAL.

HEANEY–CARPENTER.

The wedding of Miss Ida Carpenter to Mr. F. J. Heaney was celebrated last Wednesday evening, at St. Sylvester's church, the Rev. J. A. Hynes officiating. Miss Nillie Kerstings and Mr. Thomas Heaney, brother of the groom, acted as attendants. The bride was attired in white satin duchesse, satin entraine, with point applique trimmings, and wore a tulle veil. The bridal party entered the church to the strains of the Lohengren wedding march, rendered on the organ by Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick, of Ishpeming, Mich. After the ceremony at the church, a wedding reception was held at the future home of the happy couple, No. 986 North California avenue. Invitations to the reception were limited to the immediate friends and relatives of the contracting parties. Mr. and Mrs. Heaney will leave for a month's sojourn in the East. Among those present at the reception were Messrs. and Mesdames James Mullen, E. J. Cohen, John P. Moore, T. J. Gallagher, James Heaney, Arthur Page and Mr. John B. Heaney, Mr. Bernard Lavin.

A.O.H. GOSSIP.

An important committee of Ancient Order of Hibernian presidents waited on his Grace Archbishop Feehan, during the week, respecting a matter which may recommend itself as one of the most worthy of the many good undertakings of the members of the order. Not content with caring for the sick and watching over the wants of the widows and orphans of deceased brethren, the Ancient Order now dedetermine that the remains of brothers who die away from their families and relatives will not lie scattered in unnonoticed graves in the cemeteries of Chicago, but rather that suitable ground should be purchased and appropriated for the last resting place of the many of our order who are compelled to breathe their last sigh far from kith and kin. It is a kindly thought coming from a kind Irish heart, and no Hibernian will forget that their duty is to co-operate individually and collectively to provide the funds for so worthy an object.

The Gaelic linguists of the country are waiting eagerly the result of the National convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Omaha next month. The fate of the "Gaelic Chair" at the Washington University depends on the decision of the delegates. The able letter of Rev. Father Shahan, in the *Catholic Times* of Philadelphia, on the subject of the ancient tongue, is worthy of close attention.

Division 3 of Ancient Order of Hibernians will be duly installed by the state and county officers of the order to-morrow, Sunday, the 22d inst., at No. 193 West North avenue. Brother Luke Lyons brings a splendid addition of young recruits to the ranks of the order, and deserves unmeasured credit for his earnestness and patriotism.

Division 36 will give an entertainment and ball late in May. The division has paid out a large amount for sick benefits during the past year, and hopes to receive all its friends at the entertainment.

Division 7 will give a reunion at their hall, on West Twelfth street, near May street, this Saturday evening. All members are invited to attend.

OBITUARY.

MR. THOMAS COLL.

Mr. Thomas Coll, of this city, died on the 30th ult., after an illness of fifteen years; paralysis was the disease from which he suffered. The interment took place at Calvary cemetery on April 1. The deceased was a native of a small village near Belfast, Ireland, where he was born fifty-three years ago, and where his aged mother still lives. Mr. Coll was an enthusiastic organizer of the A.O.H. some years ago.

MRS. NORA WALSH.

Mrs. Nora Walsh, wife of Officer Robert J. Walsh, of the Central Detail, died Friday evening of last week, at her residence, No. 641 Maplewood avenue. The funeral occurred Sunday morning. Solemn requiem mass for the dead was celebrated at St. Sylvester's church, by the Rev. P. J. Agnew, who also delivered an eloquent obituary sermon, dwelling upon the many virtues that had distinguished the deceased. The attendance at the church was exceedingly large. The chief mourners, comprising the immediate and distant relatives of the deceased, occupied the front pews. The floral tributes were elaborate and beautiful, Col. George R. Davis presenting an exquisite representation of the "Gates Ajar" in lilies and roses. At the conclusion of the services at the church the remains were conveyed to Calvary, where they were interred amid every manifestation of respect and sympathy.

A Patriotic Irish Priest in Chicago.

The Rev. M. B. Curry, of Nenagh, Tipperary, Ireland, is at present the guest of Rev. D. Hayes, St. Rose of Lima's church, No. 4745 Ashland avenue. He has spent the last three months in the diocese of Peoria, forwarding the best interests of the noble mission of charity on which his bishop, Right Rev. Y J. McRedmond, Killaloe diocese, has sent him. He comes, too, with a special testimony of worth from the Great Metropolitan of Cashel—Archbishop Croke. Archbishop Feehan has given him permission to collect in Chicago for the next two months, and he relies on the well known generosity of the many friends of Ireland in this city to help out the good work he represents. For twelve or fourteen years Rev. M. B. Curry has been quite a prominent figure in public affairs in Ireland, and has battled for Irish liberty against British coercion so frequently and wantonly put in force against the Irish people. His countrymen in America will be sure to show their recognition of his public services to the old land by making his charitable mission a success on this side of the Atlantic. His address for two months will be 4745 Ashland avenue.

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

Lieutenant Thomas O'Brien, Company E, has resigned.

Company E's picnic takes place at Oswald's Grove, on Sunday, June 17.

An election for captain has been ordered in Company D, and will take place on April 26.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Next Sunday evening, April 22, that universally popular favorite, Miss Marie Wainwright, commences an engagement of one week at the Schiller Theatre. This talented actress inaugurates Sunday evening performances at this house, and the amusement attraction of the current week will be presented hereafter on Sunday evenings. Miss Marie Wainwright comes to the Schiller with an interesting repertory and supported by an exceptionally strong company. Her pieces will be splendidly staged. Miss Wainwright bringing with her a large equipment of very handsome scenery and properties, prepared expressly for her present tour. Next Sunday evening, April 22, Miss Wainwright appears in most recent success, the remarkable character of "Hester Gazebrook" in Tom Taylor's delightful comedy "An Unequal Match," a part made famous by Mrs. Langtry. This most attractive piece will hold the stage for the first four nights of the week and at the Wednesday matinee. Thursday night "Camille." Friday night and Saturday matinee "Frou-Frou." Saturday night "Man and Wife."

Map of the United States.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

T. Shea, Tailor.

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We carry the latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits to order $20, $25 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

For The Citizen.

TRANSIENCY.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

Decay strikes what is mortal and we fall,
The dust of some sweet woman makes a rose,
The muscled body of a hero grows
Into rich soil and gold-plumed cereal:
Change sways all that which is material—
At the sun's touch, majestic alchemist,
The foam-flake of the sea is turned to mist;
Liquids to solids on this spinning ball
Contract themselves at winter's icy call,
That rears the hawthorn hedge and orchard tree
Over which in June the dainty petals foam
In scented masses crumpled creamily;
Yet he whose gaze may ever inward roam
Sees the eternal working under all.

COUPON

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IN FOUR PARTS.

Each part containing 55 magnificent Photographic Views of the World's Fair.

Mail or bring one coupon and 10 cents to The Citizen office and Part One, Two, Three or Four will be delivered to you. See advertisement on Sixth Page.

LAST WEEK
OF
LYON & HEALY'S
Removal Sale of
PIANOS.
STATE & MONROE STS.

Square Pianos—There are still a large number of Square Pianos, embracing nearly all prominent makes, from which to make a choice. Schools, institutions, halls, as well as individuals, will do well to inspect these instruments. All are placed in perfect order and guaranteed exactly as represented. From $25 upward to $175 wonderful values are offered.

Upright Pianos—The choice in Upright Pianos, although somewhat narrowed by the heavy sales of the past week, is still wider than could be obtained under any other single roof in America. Over a score of prominent Eastern and Western makes of pianos are offered, and whether you desire to invest $125, $150, $200, or up to $500 you will find such values as will probably not again be equalled. Instruments in all kinds of fancy woods are still to be obtained in nearly all classes.

Grand Pianos—These superb instruments, offered for a great deal less than usual prices, will delight the most fastidious. Concert Grands, Parlor Grands and Baby Grands of the most famous makers are all assembled in one immense room and are all marked at the same sweeping discount.

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Established 1860. Open Evening.

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ROOM 14. CHICAGO.

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Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.
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AGENTS $10 a day at home selling LIGHTNING PLATERS and Plating Jewelry, Watches, Tableware, Bicycles, etc. Plates finest jewelry good as new. Sells in all kinds of metal with gold, silver or nickel. No experience. Anyone can plate the first effort. Goods need plating at every house. Outfits complete. Different plates, all warranted. Whole outfit to agents $3 up. Big profits, good seller. Circulars free. H. F. Delno & Co. Dept. No. 6, Columbus, O.

A MIDNIGHT CRY.

There are far worse places than a country inn after a hard day's struggle through a snowstorm on horseback, especially if that inn be situated in the heart of a picturesque region much beloved by summer tourists, if the host has been taught thereby the art of making comfortable and is inclined, through leisure, to exercise it. I was glad, therefore, when I drew up before the old fashioned hostelry, for the night was coming down fast with cold and cloud and blackness in its train. I was still 10 miles away from Grafton, my destination, and any further attempt at reaching it would be apt to end in a snowdrift. So, willingly enough, I suffered Princess to be led away to a box stall, willingly enough I swallowed the steaming punch which the landlord deftly mixed for me, willingly enough I thawed and revived before the fervent hickory logs on the taproom hearth until I was called into the great deserted dining room, where chicken and eggs and slices of fried potato and tender cakes, afloat in butter, were awaiting me.

Willingly enough, too, after I had met these most captivating enemies and they were mine, did I ensconce myself in an easy chair before the cheery grate in the best front chamber and over a cigar meditate on my good fortunes.

Yes, it was best from every point of view that I should be here. The increasing tempest, howling around the angles and under the eaves, warned me to be thankful for perils avoided. Recollection assured me that the Grafton tavern afforded no such entertainment, and then was it not well that I should have further time to consider my mission before chance met certainty face to face? Had Eunice forgiven me, and, even so, was forgiveness necessarily the herald of returning love?

Ten years, truly, must assuage the most poignant grief, ten years must temper anger with humane excuses, but might they not also fade a passion into a dream and a dream into a sorrowful reminiscence? But no. Eunice's nature could never become apathetic. If she had loved me that terrible day when I rushed despairingly from her sight, she loved me still. She had never married, so my friends told me. She was living with her father in that old house at Grafton—that dear old house, so replete with coziness and hospitality until that cloud of horror had burst over it! Had she forgiven me?

Did she still love me? Come, living embers, imbued with thought, reveal my future to me. In their tranquil but intense glow I seemed to see my darling's eyes as they gazed on me that morning—deep, pensive, mournful eyes, so true, so beseeching in their truth. "Don't go, Harry," they had said. "I know you too well not to know your weakness. I love you too well not to disregard them." But I—I was overwhelmed with shame. Like Cain, my punishment was greater than I could bear. Forth I went a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth. Throughout the adventurous years that followed—years that proved, however cowardly I really was, that I could still be courageous—those dear eyes had gazed on me beseechingly, reproachfully, until at last they had drawn me to my native land, until now they were drawing me to that spot which innocent blood, still unavenged, made it seem profanation for me to approach.

"Ah, well," I mused. "It's idle to speculate. The morning will surely tell. Why should I not be patient and hope? I was but a boy then. Why should I have been expected—but no, I must not think of it. If I do, that whole horrible nightmare will return to me with undiminished reality."

I threw away my cigar, rose from my chair and strolled about the room. Yes, the landlord had given me his best with the graciousness born of superabundance. Probably I was the sole guest, but no, there was some one directly overhead. A restless some one from the way he was pacing up and down the floor, a stalwart some one from the weight of his tread. But I had the best notwithstanding. This room had a clinging air of home about it. Likely it was occupied year after year by the same summer boarders. The curtains were tied back with coquettish bows. There were vases and fly blown photographs on the mantel, and on the bureau there were crewel work mats. In a recess were shelves lined with books, and on the top a coil of stout fishing line which bespoke the taking of pickerel. Why did I, ordinarily indifferent to my surroundings, notice so small a detail as this latter, yes, and calculate that its strength must be great? I don't know. I do know, however, that a realization of this vagary made me uneasy, so I turned to the books as to a refuge.

Why is it as one grows older one hesitates the more on starting a new book? Does the mind, like the body, crave adventure in youth and familiar scenes in full maturity? Does a renewed reading gratify through intolerance, or does it act as a spur to exoteric recollections? I know that, though there were several works attractive in promise to me, I selected "Jane Eyre," conscious that I had read it years before, oblivious, though, under what circumstances and perhaps unconsciously curious regarding them. I resumed my seat by the fire, and for an hour or more I yielded to the charm of the story—for an hour or more, and then of a sudden a tremor of terror, alas, not new, swept over me.

Unsuspecting, I had read on and on until I had reached that scene where Jane in her new position of governess to Rochester's child is overcome by that weird, awful scream in the night. Ah, no wonder I trembled, no wonder I remembered. I had been reading this very book before going to bed on that very evening, that never to be forgotten evening 10 years ago.

Oh, why had I selected it? If memory was wanting, why had not instinct warned me from it, as one sometimes in lightest slumbers may start and thus avoid a recurring dream of evil? And now it was too late! I had said that I would not think of those maddening events, and here they were rushing pell-mell through my brain. I tossed the book into a corner, with a curse after it, I lighted a cigar, and gazing into the fire, now gray and half dead, this is what I saw:

Ten years before I had been a youth, "Nimium Fortunatus," the only son of a wealthy man, strong, well favored, well educated and, above all, beloved. The Mainwarings were old family friends. From childhood Eunice and I had been comrades; from childhood I had loved her. At this time we were affianced, and I was visiting at their cozy, comfortable, old fashioned home at Grafton. There were but three in the household besides the servants—the father, the mother, the daughter. Mr. Mainwaring was a bluff, hearty man, arrogant from success and incredulous of ills which he had never personally known. Mrs. Mainwaring was an invalid, confined to her room by one of those chronic nervous diseases which the lacking in sympathy are apt to pooh-pooh. Eunice was a devoted daughter truly. As for Mr. Mainwaring, it was generally: "You are looking much better today, my dear. Well, so long," with him. But Mrs. Mainwaring did not crave for company. She was a strong woman, fully as eccentric as she was sick, fond of her own society and of polishing and arranging a lot of trumpery gems and coins and curios to which rumor had given an inordinate value.

On this particular night, which I was now perforce recalling, Mr. Mainwaring was away in town on "business"—his business perhaps that is pleasure. Mrs. Mainwaring was, of course, in her room and alone by express desire. Eunice and I had passed charming hours together in the quaint, shadowy drawing room, at first at the wheezy old piano and then planning that impossible future which seems so probable to all lovers. "Good night, dear," she had said on parting. "The night is good, since it smiles on our love."

And indeed the night was glorious in its lucent tranquillity. I stood at the window for awhile and looked out on the shimmer and the glitter of the heavens. Glorious, truly, but was it sympathetic? Was there not something derisive in its smiles, as if human affairs, when considered at all, must be contemned? I turned away with a sigh vaguely apprehensive. I stopped in the library and took a book by chance. It was "Jane Eyre." Then I went to the wing where my room was situated. Beneath it was the great dining hall; above it, the suit devoted to Mrs. Mainwaring; adjacent to it, vacant guest chambers. It was still early; so, lighting a cigar, I sat before the glowing grate and read, as tonight I have sat and smoked and read.

As my reading progressed and my interest deepened, so, too, did that vague apprehension settle and solidify. I have ever been susceptible to influences little regarded by the world in general. I can feel the gathering of a storm and the break of a cloud. I can catch the whimsical thought of a companion before it is uttered. I am moved by the spirit that has moved an author in writing certain passages. I am happy in the prevision of prosperity and dejected by the foreboding of evil. Without realizing it, for some time I had been glancing uneasily from my page about the room. My hands, usually hot, gradually grew cold and damp. I got up from my seat and looked in the mirror. My face was livid, my lips were wan, and my eyes glowered deep in their sockets. What malign thing had come upon me? Something. I could not tell. I would not yield! I was interested in the book. I would persist in its reading! I did despite my fidgets. I read on and on until I came to that scene where Jane was so terrified by that weird, horrid scream. Then, when I had grasped its details by fitful comprehensive glimpses, in an inthralling panic I sprang to my feet, hurried off my clothing, blew out the light, and jumping into bed pulled the coverlids over my head. Oh, how cold I was, and how frightened! How anxious to speak to some one and how ashamed of myself! How conscious of my full 21 years of manhood, yet of my undeniable babyish sensibility! I could have cried from rage to think that I was like to cry from terror!

Well, I trembled in body and shivered in spirit until at length I grew warm and drowsy from very exhaustion, and at last I slept. How long my slumbers continued I know not, but it must have been the blackest hour of the night when I awakened as if from a touch or at a call. I was lying on my pillow, with the clothes at their normal height, and my first thought was how idiotic I had been to get so shaken, how comfortable I really was. But in an instant that cuddling sensation disappeared, for out from the inwrapping silence and obscurity came a cry, intense, fateful, awesome, as weird, as horrid, at that shriek which had so terrified Jane Eyre. Once more that fear seized and overcame me. I could think of naught except that I was alone in the dark with my poor timorous self. Once more I plunged under the bedclothing, and there I remained, though again and anon through the folds that chilling cry penetrated. But acute agony, especially of the mind, has its reaction. Soon I lay in a stupor, half awake, half asleep, until the morning light, like a mother's hand, stroked my brow and bade me slumber.

It was late when I arose. I was but half dressed when there came repeated raps on my door, and the housekeeper's voice crying: "Oh, Master Harry! Oh, Mr. Grandon! Open, open, open!"

I flung my door open, and the old woman fell into my arms. "My mistress," she gasped, "murdered—dead in her bed! Come, oh, come!"

I went, but why need I dwell on horrible details? Poor Mrs. Mainwaring was dead indeed, with marks of a fierce grasp on her throat, as if some diabolical force had muttered, "Shut up, d—n you!" Aye, that was it, "Shut up!" That appealing cry of extremity which I had heard and had not heeded. The cabinets were rifled of their wretched treasures, and the room was in the confusion of rapine. I pass over the grief, pitiable and vindictive, of daughter and husband and conclude these memories with an interview I had the following day. Mr. Mainwaring, more arrogant in his bereavement than in good fortune, because also indignant and amazed, had questioned the different members of his household without obtaining any information. No suspicious person had been seen about the premises; no unwonted sound had been heard that night. Finally, when he and Eunice and I were alone, he turned to me:

"But, Henry," he said, "your room is directly underneath. It is strange that such a struggle could have occurred without disturbing you. Did you hear nothing?"

"I did hear something, sir," I answered, with the courage of despair. "I heard a most awful cry"——

"And—and"——

"That is all. I was frightened and hid under the bedclothing until morning"—

"You miserable coward!"

I turned slowly away, and as I turned I saw that beseeching, confiding expression in Eunice's eyes which has followed me ever since with the vitality of a blessing. I turned away and marched out of the house, out into a wild world, not wilder, though, than the tumult of my poor heart.

It was necessary for me to suffer, to sacrifice, before I dared from the message of that glance to interpret hope. I have done so, and now, as I finished the revelations of the past, unwillingly gleamed from the dying coals, I felt that the morrow might perhaps bring me not a reward, but most exquisite relief. But yet was there not something still undone? I had atoned truly, but had I expiated? Was there not a shadow between Eunice and me—the shadow cast by murder unavenged? Well, what now could avail further worry? My cigar was out, and so was the fire. It was cold. The morrow would decide, and the quickest way to its decision was through sleep.

I hastened into bed, and my last connected thought was that the stranger overhead must be more perturbed in mind than even was I. I slept, and I awakened as if at a touch or from a call. I know not what time it was, but it seemed the blackest hour of the night. I listened—plod, plod, that stranger overhead was still pacing the floor. I listened, and—oh, God in heaven!—I heard once more that intense, fateful cry. It was in the very room; it was in my very ears; it summoned to do, to act, as it should direct. I sprang out of bed and into my clothes, and the quicker my movements the more urgent was that call.

Like a clarion note it sounded the advance, unhesitatingly, and I obeyed. It led me to the bookshelves and hovered over that coil of line which I had noticed until I thrust it into my pocket. It led me through the pitchy corridor, and by the winding stairs, and along the next floor until I came to a door on the jar, through which a lamp's light was glimmering. I listened, and distinct from those constant cries I heard the plod, plod of a restless tread. I looked in, and on the center table my eyes caught and were held by a shining object. It was a watch, one of these trumpery curios which Mrs. Mainwaring had so cherished. There could be no doubt about it. Many a time had I seen her polishing it, many a time had I heard her explain the impossible significance in cipher. And as I gazed a burly form intercepted my view, and I saw the restless stranger, a stalwart, determined looking man, with traces of desperate enterprises on his face. I saw, and I knew the meaning of that cry, now encouraging and exultant, and in an instant I was at his throat.

Oh, but he had strength and courage, this man! I was nerved by powers surely superhuman. He was taken unawares; yet, strive all I could, I could not overmaster him. Indeed his clutch was tightening. He was slowly bending me back. In his eyes shone the desire for blood. In my heart was a curse on the impotent sound that had betrayed me, when suddenly the pallor of death crept over his face. He loosened his hold and beat his head with his fists. He swayed, he staggered, he fell like a struck bullock, and ere his consciousness returned I had him bound hand and foot and wound and trussed with that tough fishing line!

As I completed my task and panting stood over him he opened his eyes. "Shut up, d—n you!" he muttered, and then, following me, he gasped: "Did you hear it? Oh, did you hear it, that old harridan's shriek?"

"Yes," I replied, "I did hear it, and for the last time, thank God! But you, mark my words, you will hear it again!"

The morning was smiling as peacefully as had that evening of 10 years ago and with far more tenderness when I approached the cozy, comfortable home of the Mainwarings. The very air was permeated with happiness, and my spirit was tranquil, for it anticipated, it foresaw. And there was Eunice in the doorway waiting to greet me, with that same beseeching, confiding glance in her dear eyes, none the less expressive, none the less beautiful, for the tears through which it shone. She needed not the story of my capture to surrender the love which she had cherished as a hostage of my return. And yet it was better that I had it to tell to her, for it routed the arrogance of her father and banished forever the shadow which would have crept between us.

I sat among the witnesses in the court room when the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty" against the murderer of Mrs. Mainwaring. He stood up in the dock and answered the questions of the clerk with becoming gravity. But while the judge was pronouncing the awful ultimate sentence of the law he turned toward me and nodded his head and smiled. Others still speak of this conduct as proof of the depravity of the man, but I well knew that in that culmination of his fate he again heard that midnight cry.—New York Times.

THE DANCING SPOOKS

AN OLD FIDDLER'S STORY OF HIS STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

Guests at the G. House Ball Talked Only of Things That Happened Before the War—Dates on the Musician's Notebook and the Tombstones Corresponded.

"Speaking of superstition," said Andrew Brass as he sat in his easy chair, "reminds me of an experience I had on a wintry night a few years ago. No, I am not superstitious, but my experience of that night has impressed me ever since. Being a violinist, I was accustomed to play for all the dances that took place in the neighborhood in which I lived. One day I received a note requesting my services at a dance to be held on that night at the G. House, near the site of an old distillery. The note was signed by 'Your Friends.' The G. House was an old log structure and stood along a lonely lane leading from the high road to the distillery and at the border of a dense forest. It had not been occupied since the distillery had been torn down some 17 years before, but as the boys had been accustomed to holding their dances in vacant houses on several occasions I thought no more of it, and when evening came I started for the G. House. A walk of about an hour brought me in sight of it. I saw the windows brilliantly lighted. On nearer approach sounds of merriment came from within. The night being cold, a good fire was burning in the old fashioned fireplace. A song had been in progress and just ended as I entered the door. I threw off my overcoat and hat, which were taken by a young lady whom I did not know. I seated myself near the fire as the set for the dance were taking their places on the floor. After having warmed I took out my violin, and while tuning looked around, and to my surprise those present were all strangers to me. This puzzled me very much, and in no way could I account for it, but I did not even venture to ask for an explanation from any of them.

"After a couple of hours' dancing, waltzing, etc., the party was invited to an adjoining room for lunch, myself included. I must confess the viands were the most delicious I ever tasted. Various fruits and wines were served in abundance. The waiters were obliging and attentive. I had a good opportunity to view my companions as they sat down to dine. They were fine looking young men and pretty young women. They seemed to be very kind, but reserved in their attentions to each other. What struck me as very strange was that their general conversation was about events of the war and battles that were lost and won as though it was in wartime. One would wager that Lee would surrender; another would doubt it, as Sherman was cooped up in the south. Lunch over, we repaired to the dancing room. I felt much refreshed, and when I played for the next quadrille it seemed that I rendered better music than ever before. The dancers went through the figures with the precision of machinery. After four or five sets had been danced, one young fellow announced that a collection would be taken up for me for my services as musician, which is customary, and asked me for my daybook, which I handed him. All of the party signed their names and amounts given, also a date opposite each name, no two dates being the same, but all antedating the time of the dance. This I noticed when the money and book were handed to me, the money being in fractional currency, the same as was in circulation after the war. Of course these circumstances all put together mystified me greatly, but I said nothing.

"I looked at my watch. It was 15 minutes of midnight, and all were preparing to depart. The fire burned low, the candles in the brass candlesticks began to flicker, and as the hands of my watch pointed to 12 the lights, both fire and candles, suddenly went out. I was in total darkness. Not one of that party was to be seen or heard. I made my way to the door. A heavy snow had fallen. Not a footprint of any footstep could be seen. I made for the lane with as much speed as the deep snow would permit, and in an hour I was home pondering the events of the night.

"I resolved next morning to further investigate the mysteries of the G. House. After leaving the highroad I found my homeward tracks still showing in the snow along the lane to the G. House. I now saw that it was an old tumbledown rookery occupied by a flock of sheep. Presently I saw Farmer Freed coming down the lane with a sack of feed for his sheep. I explained to him my night adventure. He only shook his head and smiled, as though my story deserved no credence. I produced the money and my notebook in evidence. 'Why,' he said, 'what in the world does this mean? I knew all of these people, but they have been dead for years. Come with me,' he continued. 'You see that graveyard down there? That's where they are buried. Come on and see for yourself.' I went in, and there on the tombstones were the names and dates of death of all those corresponding to the names and dates on my daybook. I did not play for any more dances at the G. House, nor was I asked to do so, nor will I respond again to an invitation signed 'By Friends.'" — Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Photographic Hint.

Mr. Wuestner, the well known maker of photographic plates, recently stated that bathing an ordinary plate for two minutes in a bath composed of water nine parts and ammonia one part will double the sensitiveness of the plate. Plates thus treated will keep for a short time only. Plates of medium rapidity, he said, will keep for five or six years, while fast plates will retain their properties some three or four months only. There is no difference in the keeping qualities of the ordinary plates and the orthochromatic plates made in this country.—Detroit Free Press.

A Clever Dog.

Scarcely anything is lacking in the mental furniture of this psychological dog to make him the equal of a baby 2 years old, except thinking in words, and who can prove that he is destitute of this faculty, although not possessing articulate speech? One evening while I was giving my plants a drink he came to me several times, asking me to have the gate opened. Not caring to lay down the hose, I paid little heed to his teasings, and he determined to compass his purpose in another way. To the front door he went, and pressing it found it not latched, but requiring some force to throw it open. Then he backed out the full width of the veranda, and running threw his weight so violently against the door as to drive it open. Very soon he reappeared with his mistress, to whom he had made his supplication, and she, without knowing of his failure with me, opened the gate and gave the little fellow his coveted freedom. It should be explained in regard to the wit shown in opening a heavy or sticking door that Toots acquired his experience with a fly door closed by the reaction of a spring. He found by experiments that if with his fore paws he pressed this door open just far enough to emit his body it would spring to and pinch his tail, and that by retreating and running the whole length of a small entry he would impart momentum enough to open the door wide and thus clear his tail, at the same time letting out a dependent companion. This act, I am inclined to think, is a little smarter than is usual in a 2-year-old child.—Popular Science Monthly.

Do Spiders Hear?

Experiments recently made with a tuning fork have convinced Mr. Pocock, an English naturalist, that some spiders at least really hear the sound produced by the fork. Indeed the conduct of spiders when a vibrating tuning fork is held near their webs is quite remarkable.

Some species, as, for instance, the ordinary garden spider, Epeira diademata, will run at the fork and strike or snatch at it with their fore legs.

The amanrobius, a spider which builds tubular webs in holes in walls, runs about in great excitement when the tuning fork is held near it. This spider can be enticed out of its hole by holding the fork near the entrance, and it will even climb upon the vibrating instrument.

Another species of garden spider, which is smaller and handsomer than the epeira, always, according to Mr. Pocock, drops from its web in terror when a tuning fork is held over it. These spiders are the prey of wasps, and as they always drop from their webs on the approach of their insect enemy it has been suggested that they mistake the sound of the tuning fork for the humming of a wasp's wings.

But some observers do not assent to the conclusion that it is the sound of the fork which attracts the attention of the spiders. They think the vibration is conveyed through the air to the webs, and that the slight motion thus imparted is perceptible by the spiders.—Youth's Companion.

The Earth's Temperature.

One of the most learned of modern geologists, Sir William Thomson, has expressed the opinion that for the last 96,000,000 years the rate of increase of the earth's temperature under ground has gradually diminished from about one-tenth to about one-fiftieth of a degree F. per foot. The present argument, however, as to the date of the consolidation of the earth, based on the assumption that the earth is simply a cooling globe, is met with serious objections, one of the most forcible being that as the solidification of the earth probably began from the middle and spread to the surface it is not only possible but likely that after a firm crust had been formed the upper portion still retained some degree of viscosity. If, then, the interior be viscous, some tidal oscillations must take place in it, and these being subject to friction heat must be generated in the viscous portion, and the diurnal rotation of the earth must be retarded. According to the supposition of an eminent scientist—viz, that it is only those strata which are within some hundreds of miles of the surface which are viscous, while the central portion is rigid—then, when tidal friction does its work, the same amount of heat is generated as on the hypothesis of the viscosity of the entire planet, but instead of being distributed throughout the whole mass, and principally toward the middle, it is now to be found in the more superficial layers.—New York Sun.

The Duties of a Party Whip.

Reverting to the duties of a whip and patronage secretary, it is an astonishing fact that gentlemen of birth and social position can be found to fill the post. The junior whips' duties are not only onerous, but irksome. They sit or stand in the outer lobby of the house from half past 3 to half past 12 at night, and they ask every member who passes where he is going, whether he is paired and when he will be back. If he is not paired, they have either to find a pair for him or to prevent him from passing out by coaxing or threats, the former for preference. When their party are in, these gentlemen have to attend their office from 12 to 3. Their hours of duty are, therefore, from 11 a. m. to 12 p. m., or 13 hours, with intervals for lunch and dinner, and this they do for £1,000 a year. When their party is out, they do it, minus their office work, for nothing.

In addition to keeping an eye on his juniors, the chief whip, who has £2,000 a year, deals with the members on their more touchy side. It is he who practically distributes ribbons and titles and sees that cards of invitation are sent to this man and that; that no one is given undue preference, a delicate duty which requires much tact and skill. Mr. Tom Ellis is popular, and that goes a great way. He has tact, and that goes further. At present he lacks experience, but that will come.—Cardiff Mail.

AN INSECT COMMUNITY.

The Wonderful Methods of Work and Government Employed by Wasps.

Wasps act as architects, builders, carpenters and paper makers. They go abroad into the fields and gardens in search of provisions. With exemplary care for the public welfare they eat out the sunny side of your peaches and carry away meat from the lamb chops in your larder. Man, base man, who robs the busy bee of its hard earned honey and slays the gentle calf for the production of veal cutlets, usually speaks of the socialist insects as robbers and depredators. But he forgets that the generous and public spirited wasp does not levy tribute on his apricots for itself alone. It is the commissary of the republic. Each worker hurries back to the nest the results of his fruit hunting or his marauding expeditions and shares them among his fellow subjects with that distributive justice which Aristotle preached and which nobody in our human communities practices. He carries out the principles of the Fabian society.

Every successful wasp, when he returns to the nest with a piece of prime beef, or a wingless fly, or a cargo of sugar saved for the community from the grocer's barrel, perches on the top of the dome among his assembled fellows, and disgorging all his spoils divides them equally among nurses and paper makers. His two main doctrines are, "If any wasp will not work, neither shall he eat," and "Every wasp to labor according to his capacity and receive according to his needs in a free community."

Division of labor, I believe, goes a long way in the nest. Some of the workers seem to be specially employed as foragers and soldiers, others appear to be told off as nurses and guardians, while yet others are engaged as paper makers and masons. It is even said that these last work by definite shifts, I know not on what authority, and that they each have a space of about a square inch allotted to them to fill with cells, on which no neighboring worker is permitted to encroach with impunity. But these are perhaps the fictions of imaginative observers. At any rate, the eight hours' act is not yet in operation. Wasps work early and late of their own mere notion.—Longman's Magazine.

Kossuth's English.

Kossuth had a remarkable mastery of English. This story shows how he strengthened his knowledge of our difficult tongue. Speaking at Concord, Mass., Kossuth wished to express the figure of the Austrian eagle rending the young freedom of Hungary. The word escaped him. Stopping for a moment in the full flight of eloquence, he asked a matter of fact American who sat near him, "What you say when man tear his coat?" "Hole," was the reply. That word did not satisfy him, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, who had overheard the question, whispered "rent," with poetic sympathy for euphony, and the stately sweep of the sentence was completed. He learned the language after his arrest in 1837, when he was sentenced in 1838 to three years' imprisonment, during a part of which he was cut off from all communication with his friends and was denied the use of pen and ink, and even of books. In the second year he was allowed to read, but as all political books were interdicted he selected an English grammar, Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, and Shakespeare. Without knowing a single word he began to read "The Tempest." He was engaged for a fortnight in getting through the first page.—Chicago Herald.

Rousseau and Millet.

Rousseau and Millet were very unlike, as one may infer from their work. Rousseau was essentially a landscape painter, and it was in the woods that he found his favorite themes. The splendors of the setting sun or sheltered nooks in the woods were subjects he was fond of painting. Beautiful effects like these enraptured him, and naturally he sought to reproduce them. Millet, like Rousseau, was an admirer of the grandeur and richness of nature, but he was more deeply moved by another sentiment. In his mind it was man who played the principal part, and to his eyes the landscape was the stage on which the drama of humanity was represented. The continued labor which the life of man demands, his sufferings, his pains as well as his joys, his pleasures, his weariness, his rest, his peace—these were the conditions that appealed most strongly to Francois' imagination, and it was these which he felt himself driven to paint.—Pierre Millet in Century.

Going Far For a Precedent.

It is about 15 years since the District of Columbia courts ceased to consider Good Friday a nonjudicial day. In Chief Justice Cartter's court at that time the old custom was first changed. Said the late Hon. Richard T. Merrick to the late Chief Justice Cartter:

"You will not hold court tomorrow?"

"Why not?" said the chief justice.

"It will be Good Friday," answered Mr. Merrick. "Court has never been held on that day."

"This court will be held," declared the chief justice.

"Then," said Mr. Merrick, "your honor will be the first judge who has held court on that day since Pontius Pilate."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Vast Concern.

A Cheltenham correspondent states that he, a builder's clerk to a well known firm in Cheltenham, "can boast by saying that we do sufficient trade in this town alone to keep a nation in regular employment." The answer must be appended. The firm have an apprentice whose name is "A. Nation."—Hereford (England) Journal.

Limitations of Hypnotism.

New Boarder—What's the row up stairs?

Landlady—It's that professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening.—New York Weekly.

LOVE'S PLEADING.

O Love, O Love, content thee! Cease from sighs
Of which in the old days our lips were fain.
What need for sadness now? All that is past.
Or dost thou grieve because the hours fly fast?
Beloved, shall not kisses stay the pain
And ease the eternal hunger in thine eyes?

Smile, Love, or I shall weep. Say one word, sweet,
And break the mournful spell ere the tears fall.
What need for tears? What burden troubles thee
From which an hour ago thy soul was free?
I ask not more than life can give, for all
Thou canst desire is ready at thy feet.
—"Love In Idleness."

THE BLACK DEATH.

Its Dreadful Visitation to England In the Fourteenth Century.

In England during the black death's first and most dreadful visitation in 1348-9 it was noticed that it carried off an enormous number of the laborers in the country villages, the poor and the workmen in the towns, the monks and nuns and friars—that is, all that portion of the population who were ill housed, ill clothed, ill nurtured, or, like those in the religious houses, lived habitually upon an insufficient diet, among whom the practice of asceticism in various forms tended to bring about a weakening of their stamina and their vital power.

On the other hand, the mortality among the clergy was far in excess of that among any other class, and this can be attributed only to their noble self sacrifice in the discharge of their ministerial duties among their parishioners. Breathing day and night the pestilential air, working heroically among the people in every stage of the disease, comforting the dying and burying the dead in the huge pits that were dug to contain the putrid corpses, the priests dropped by thousands into the same graves in which they had helped to lay their people, and before the year was out the supply of clergy had begun to fall short very seriously over all the land.

At Florence, Boccaccio tells us, "it became necessary to dig trenches, into which the bodies were put by hundreds, laid in rows, as goods packed in a ship. A little earth was cast upon each successive layer until the pits were filled to the top." At Avignon several, almost as soon as they were seized with the sickness, "were carried off to the pit and buried. And in this way many were buried alive." At Vienna "the dead were buried in trenches, each of which, according to one chronicle, contained some 6,000 corpses." In London Sir Walter Manny provided a new cemetery, more than 13 acres in extent, "in respect of the danger that might befall in this time of so great a plague and infection."—Athenæum.

Music as Medicine.

At the St. Pancras infirmary there was a female patient suffering from melancholia, to whom they played a lullaby. After the performance she told a nurse that she liked it very much. On this the superintendent of the infirmary said, "This is the first time she has spoken for a fortnight." Shortly afterward a male patient suffering from delirium tremens was brought into the ward. On hearing the first notes of the music he became quite calm and attentive, though his attendant had been half afraid to bring him on account of outbreaks of violence.

Results like these have since been frequently obtained by the guild, and they are certainly most encouraging. They are all, it will be seen, in the direction of distracting the mind from pain and soothing mental irritation. In order to test the hypnotic effect of soft music the guild made the experiment of playing lullabies to a ward of 14 patients, along with Dr. Collins, one of the physicians to the hospital. In spite of distracting noises, unhappily inseparable from the ward of a London hospital, they got the following results: Dr. Collins "found it an effort to keep awake," four patients were actually sent to sleep, some "liked it too well to sleep," and others felt "sad, but delighted."—Chambers' Journal.

A Famous Whist Hand.

The most notorious hand of whist ever played is that known as "the Duke of Cumberland's hand." It has never been definitely settled how this hand came to be dealt, but such a peculiar combination naturally suggests suspicions of foul play. The duke, playing in the room at Bath, held in his hands king, knave, nine, seven of trumps (clubs), ace, king of diamonds, ace, king, queen, knave of hearts, and ace, king, queen of spades and yet was unable to secure a single trick, and, moreover, lost a bet of £20,000 upon the hand. This incredible result was achieved as follows: The duke of course led with a trump and found his partner void in that suit. His left hand adversary, whom we may call "Y," having ace, queen, ten, eight and his right hand adversary, "Z," the remaining five trumps and no diamonds, the consequence was that "Z" trumped diamonds twice, and "Y" "sitting over" the duke with better trumps, after taking the sixth trick, had the lead with the seven remaining diamonds, and thus "Y" and "Z" made the 13 tricks.—New York Mail and Express.

A Sensitive Man.

Writer—The editor of The Laughers' Own is the most sensitive man I ever saw.

Friend—In what respect?

Writer—He can't take a joke.

Friend—I never observed it.

Writer—Well, I have. I took a dozen good ones to him today, and he rejected every one of them.—Detroit Free Press.

Rather a Lucky Omen.

"Are you superstitious?" he asked of the man who likes money.

"Not that I know of."

"But haven't you your little aversions—for instance, don't you feel like avoiding the figure 13?"

"Sometimes, but not if it has a dollar mark in front of it."—Washington Star.

CLASSICAL REVOLUTIONISTS.

The Love of Elegant Precedent In the French Revolutionary Leaders.

Mr. John G. Alger says in his "Glimpses of the French Revolution" that a very noticeable feature of the revolutionary leaders was their admiration for the classical writers and their imitation of the Roman people. The speeches and writings of the times were full of allusions to and similes drawn from the poets and philosophers of antiquity. Says Mr. Alger on this point:

Some of the revolutionists not merely quoted the Romans, but imitated them. Claviere killed himself on the eve of his trial, Valaze stabbed himself in the dock, Condorcet, Buzot, Barbaroux and Roland also committed suicide. Vergniaud had intended to do likewise, but at the last moment changed his purpose. Chabot attempted suicide. Mme. Roland, who at 12 years of age regretted not being a Spartan or a Roman, had to be dissuaded from poisoning herself before trial, one reason, it is but fair to add, being that her property would thus have been saved for her daughter from confiscation. Charlotte Corday in stabbing Marat was manifestly acting under classical recollections. She took her favorite Plutarch with her on her journey to Paris, and she hoped to stab Marat in the convention and be torn to pieces, but possibly to be applauded, by his fellow deputies. She counted on meeting Brutus and other ancients in the Elysian fields.

"One regrets the theatrical tone which some may attribute to her collateral descent from Corneille. When arrested, she applied to the committee of public safety for leave to have her portrait taken as a bequest to her native department. At her trial, noticing that an artist, Hauer, was sketching her, she turned her head toward him that he might have a better view, and she obtained permission to give him a two hours' sitting in her cell while waiting for the tumbril. She suggested corrections in his sketch and begged him to send a replica to her father. She presented him also with a lock of her hair. The revolutionists, indeed, were too self conscious."

Another way in which the "Friends of Liberty" showed their admiration for the writers of antiquity was by changing their names for those of their favorite Roman heroes or heroines. This copying of the names and even the customs of ancient Greece and Rome must have often led to some very strange incongruities.

"Even the rooms in the Paris prisons were inscribed Cincinnatus, Brutus, Socrates, etc., sometimes also Marat, which was peculiarly appropriate, until in June, 1794, Payan urged on the municipality that the shades of these great men would be indignant at seeing the cells of conspirators called by their names. Thereupon the inscriptions were effaced. Civic dinners in imitation of Sparta also became common in Paris a few weeks before Robespierre's fall. People had tables spread outside their houses in the street and had their servants sit down to partake with them. A man would be heard haughtily ordering his servant on the staircase and coming out to dinner would have that servant sit beside him and would drink his health. A fashionable lady would say: 'Look how I love equality! I dine publicly with my servants.' This innovation, denounced by some as an intrigue of the Hebertists, by others as an aristocratic device for lulling patriotic suspicions, was, however, very short lived."

A Mild Rebuke.

In a small New England village there lives a man named Jenkins Sanderson, whose enormous, ungainly figure and forbidding expression of countenance seem to belie his real gentleness and good nature and make him an object of distrust and sometimes even of horror to strangers. His wife is a thin, prim old lady, the embodiment of neatness and exceedingly quiet in her manners. She has a serene, placid face, which is not often agitated by smiles and still more rarely ruffled by frowns.

She was taking tea one summer afternoon with a neighbor who had a new "summer boarder," a lady of hysterical tendencies, who boasted of the "extreme sensitiveness of her nervous organization." Several other worthy dames, residents of the village, were participants in this mild festivity.

As the guests were seated around the table, the summer boarder chanced to look out of the window and saw Jenkins Sanderson approaching the house with a message for his wife. It was the summer boarder's first sight of him.

"Oh, mercy on us!" she exclaimed in shrill dismay, dropping her teacup, with a clatter. "Just see! Who's that awful looking man coming up the path? He has frightened me almost out of my wits!"

The embarrassment of the other guests was painful for a moment, but no longer. Mrs. Sanderson gazed calmly out of the window and then turned her mild glance upon the hysterical boarder. "Why, ma'am," she said tranquilly, "that is my good husband. He is an awful looking man, but God made him!"—Youth's Companion.

The Way to Tell an Orange.

Big oranges are no good. They are all skin and fiber. If you want "a yellow cup of wine," buy small fruit—that is, fruit that runs 176 or 200 to the box. Weigh it in the hand and take the heaviest. Sweet, sound oranges are full of wine and sugar and very heavy. A thin, smooth skin is a good sign. Wide, deep pored skins are unmistakable signs of a coarse, spongy article. Bright yellow oranges usually cost more than russet, because they are prettier. When the commission merchant buys in a hurry, he saves time by taking an orange between his hands and squeezing it to death. If it runs a cup of wine, he takes as much of the cargo as he needs. If it runs dry, he cuts the price or refuses to trade. There is no surer way to tell the real value of an orange, mandarin or orange fruit.—Exchange.

DARK AND COLD AS ZERO.

An Experiment Showing the Vast Pressure In the Ocean's Lowest Depths.

The peculiar physical conditions of the deep seas may be briefly stated to be these: It is absolutely dark, so far as actual sunlight is concerned; the temperature is only a few degrees above freezing point, the pressure is enormous, there is little or no movement of the water, the bottom is composed of a uniform, fine, soft mud, and there is no plant life. All of these physical conditions one can appreciate, except the enormous pressure. At a depth of 2,500 fathoms the pressure is, roughly speaking, 2½ tons per square inch—that is to say, the pressure per square inch upon the body of every animal that lives at the bottom of the Atlantic ocean is about 25 times greater than the pressure that will drive a railway train.

Professor Moseley describes an interesting experiment in point made during the voyage of the Challenger. Mr. Buchanan hermetically sealed at both ends a thick glass tube full of air and several inches in length. He wrapped it in flannel and placed it in a wide copper tube, one of those used to protect the deep sea thermometers when sent down with the sounding apparatus. This copper tube was closed by a lid fitting loosely and with holes in the bottom of it, and the copper bottom of the tube similarly had holes bored through it. The water thus had free access to the interior of the tube when it was lowered into the sea, and the tube was necessarily constructed with that object in view, so that in its ordinary use the water should freely reach the contained thermometer.

The copper case containing the sealed glass tube was sent down to a depth of 2,000 fathoms and drawn up again. It was then found that the copper wall of the case was bulged and bent inward opposite the place where the glass tube lay, just as if it had been crumpled inward by being violently squeezed. The glass tube itself, within its flannel wrapper, was found when withdrawn reduced to a fine powder, like snow almost.

What had happened was that the sealed glass tube, sinking to gradually increasing depths, had held out long against the pressure, but this at last had become too great for the glass to sustain, and the tube had suddenly given way. So violent had been the collapse that the water had not had time to rush in at the perforations, but instead had crushed in the copper wall and brought equilibrium in that manner, and this process is exactly the reverse of an explosion and is termed by Sir Wyville Thompson an "implosion."—Philadelphia Press.

Strange Names of Towns.

The maps of the United States show that the first settlers of many of the towns and cities must have been at a loss for names. Everybody has heard of Red Dog and You Bet in California, and Yuba Dam has been accorded a line in history, but when it comes to Dog Tooth of Illinois, Flea Hill of North Carolina and Fly Mountain of Ulster county, N. Y., their existence would never be imagined unless noticed on a map or in a gazetteer. But there are many other places with names just as striking—Bobtown, Pa.; Bug Hill, N. C.; Chewtown, Pa.; Cut Shin, Ky., and Fiddletown, Cal., for instance. Or if these are not sufficient there are Fussville, Wis.; Daddy's Creek, Tenn.; Calfkiller, in the same state, and Big Foot, in Indiana.

Ohio has a Belle Center, Iowa a Calliope, Indiana a Lilly Dale, West Virginia a Little Wild Cat, Maryland a Maiden's Choice, South Dakota a Minnehaha, Wyoming a Miser, Pennsylvania a Nazareth and Illinois a Prettyman. There are others, such as Young Blood, Ills.; Young Womanstown, Pa.; Whisky Town, Cal.; Ty Ty, Ga.; Big Neck, Ills., and Black Jack flourishes in Mississippi, Kansas, Arkansas and Tennessee. To reach Bliss one has to go to Wyoming county, N. Y., and the only state that has a Bird In Hand is Pennsylvania.—New York Herald.

The Reconciliation of Enemies.

Our observation of the reconciliation of persons who have once been enemies leads us to regard such a thing as usually nominal and superficial, rather than real and heartfelt. People who have quarreled before they were ever acquainted may learn that they had been mutually mistaken and may come to like each other very much. So also slight misunderstandings between friends may be healed and forgotten. But when old acquaintances seriously fall out, while they each forego all opportunity and desire for revenge, we doubt whether the warmth of the first affection is often, if ever, entirely renewed. The scars of the deep wounds remain. It is easier to keep the confidence of a hundred men than to regain that of one man who has once become estranged.—New York Ledger.

Great Word.

The celebrated German word which signifies "Mutual Life and Fire Insurance company" and which has been cited as the longest word in any language apparently has a rival in another word, which is found in a German periodical, "Schornsteinfegermeisterberufgenossenschaft."

Though this is a single word in German, several words are required to express it in English. It means, as nearly as anything else, "The Professional Association of Master Chimney Sweeps."

An English word of respectable dimensions can be produced simply by running all these words into one without space or hyphen.—Youth's Companion.

Rain From a Clear Sky.

We have it on the authority of Sir J. C. Ross that in the south Atlantic rain frequently falls in torrents from the clear sky, and he mentions one occasion when it rained for over an hour when the atmosphere was perfectly clear. In Mauritius and other parts of the southern hemisphere rain from a clear sky is of common occurrence.—St. Louis Republic.

True Heroism.

A writer in The Well Spring says that on the day after the battle of Fredericksburg Kershaw's brigade occupied Mary's Hill, and Sykes' division lay 150 yards ahead, with a stone wall between the two forces. The intervening space between Sykes' men and the stone wall was strewn with dead, dying and wounded Union soldiers, victims of the battle of the day before. The air was rent with their groans and agonizing cries of "Water! Water!"

"General," said a boy sergeant in gray, "I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

"It breaks me all up to hear those wounded Yankees crying for water. May I go and give them some?"

"Kirkland, do you know what you are asking?" said the general. "The moment you step in sight and over the wall, you'll get a bullet through your head. The skirmishing has been murderous all day."

"If you'll give me permission, I'll try it," said the young man.

"My boy, I ought not to let you run such a risk, but how can I refuse? You may go, and may God protect you."

"Thank you, sir," and with a smile on his bright, handsome face the boy sergeant sprang away over the wall, down among the sufferers, pouring the blessed water down their parched throats. After the first few bullets his noble errand became understood, and shouts of admiration instead of bullets followed him. He returned to his bivouac in safety.

Difficult Weddings.

Among the Lolos of western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed, the bridegroom clambers up on the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes and pinches from the dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off.

Similar difficulties assail the bridegroom among the Mongolian Koraks, who are in the habit of celebrating their marriage in large tents, divided into numerous compartments.

At a given signal, as soon as the guests are assembled, the bride starts off through the compartments, followed by her wooer, while the women of the encampment throw every possible impediment in his way, tripping up his unwary feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage and applying the willow and alder switches unmercifully as he stoops to raise them.

As with the maiden on the horse and the virgin on the tree top, the Korak bride is invariably captured, however much the possibilities of escape may be in her favor.—Western Mail.

Old Delft Ware.

The earliest wares for table use imported to this country were tortoise shell and delft. It is impossible to give any list of the many marks found on delft ware. The character of the decoration is frequently oriental, being copied from Chinese wares; hence the pieces are often mistaken and called India. The color of decoration generally used is blue, sometimes combined with green and yellow, the designs bold. The ware is a coarse pottery. The old pieces found here are usually plates, round platters, tiles and occasionally a tea caddy, teapot or "bowpot." Old delft is much sought after for decorative purposes. The pieces made a century ago have Dutch scenes, windmills, etc., and are frequently bulging bodied or flaring topped vases. The word delft has come to be applied to common crockery, wherever made, and many mistakes in definition arise therefrom.

The tortoise shell ware is English. Much of it was made by Whildon, the predecessor and partner of Wedgwood, till 1759. The marble, agate, tortoise shell, cauliflower and melon wares were made by him and by the Wedgewoods and one or two other potters and are really beautiful in color.—Philadelphia Times.

"Cat-a-cornered."

None of our lexicographers gives "cat-a-cornered" (sometimes "cat-a-corner-ways"). "Cater-cornered" is given as "local English and United States." But does anybody in this country say cater-cornered? Worcester gives "catty-cornered" in a bashful note in small type. Halliwell derives "cater-cornered" from quatre, through the provincial "cater," to cut diagonally. But why go so far? Might not "catter-cornered" be only a corrupt "quarter cornered"—that is, quartered by lines through the corners instead of in the more usual way, by lines at right angles to the sides? This etymology seems to be confirmed by a curious bit of folk speech in the upper Hudson country. Our people, in sawing or nailing anything at an angle other than a right angle, do not place it or cut it "quartering," which is the recognized technical term, but "cattering." I am told that in parts of Vermont "cattering" is used in the sense of bias. For "cattering" there is a ludicrous diminutive much oftener used in my neighborhood—namely, "kittering"—that is, somewhat cattering, for is not a kit a little cat?—Century.

A Well Timed Sally.

When Wilson, the English comedian, made his debut, it was in the character formerly supported by Shuter. Upon his appearance on the stage the audience called out for their former favorite by crying: "Off, off, Shuter! Shuter!" Wilson, turning round and with a face as stupid as art could make it and suiting his action to his words, replied: "Shoot her! Shoot her!" pointing at the same time at the female performer on the stage with him. "I'm sure she does her part very well." This well timed sally of seeming stupidity turned the scale in his favor and called down repeated applause, which continued during the whole of the performance.—Exchange.

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St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4728 Wentworth av; R S, C A Reidy, 4089 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos C Walsh. Meet 3d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western ave.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 499 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, William Lewis. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 33rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 89 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 18th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 611 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 122 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebrecht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 185 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John Blindauer, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter Meuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 878 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremen. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 239 Lasalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 223 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Hedale av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

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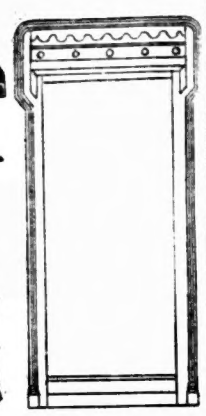
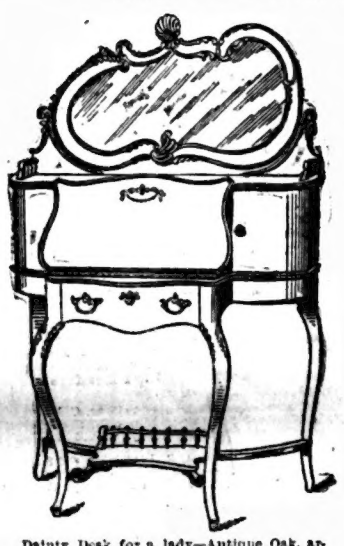
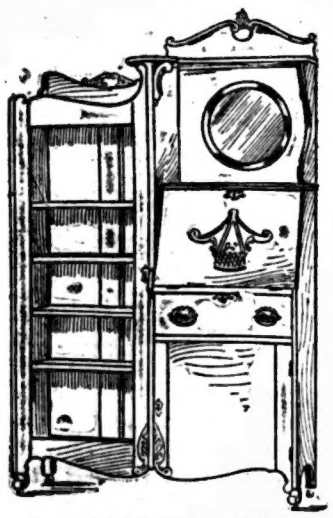


Bracket Mirror, Antique Oak Frame, polished, $4.95.

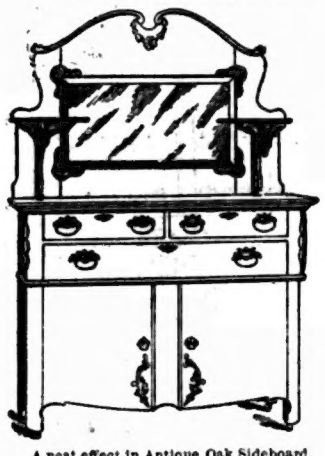


Dainty Desk for a lady—Antique Oak, artistic hand carving, 36 in. wide, 5 ft. high, 20 in. deep.. $17.50

Antique Oak Book Cases, hand-carved, height 5 ft. 4 in., width 3 ft. 2 in., price..... $8.50



Quartered Oak Combination Book Case and Desk. Height 6 ft; width 3 ft 7 in. Bevel plate French mirror, 14x14. Price..... $14.75



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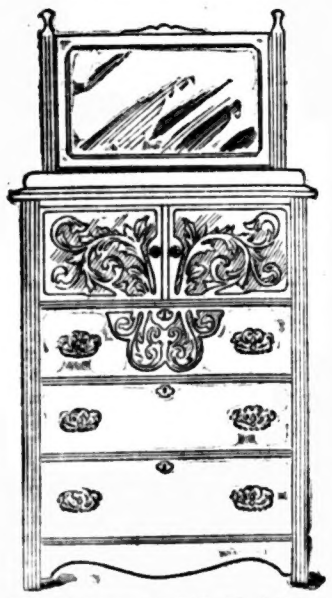

Polished Antique Oak Chiffonier, 48 inches high, 36 inches wide, 20 inches deep, 14x22 French Bevel Plate Mirror—With Mirror..... $12.50
Without Mirror..... $9.75

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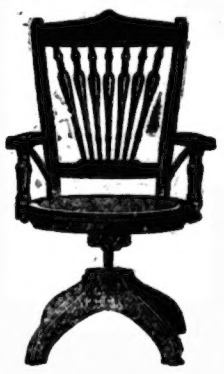

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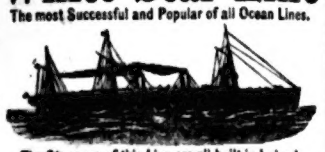

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